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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

We commenced in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* Wilkie Collins's new Story,

"A WOMAN IN WHITE,"

from advance proof-sheets purchased by us from the Author.

Mr. Curtis's delicious Story of American Life,

"TRUMPS,"

was commenced in *Harper's Weekly* for April 9. We can supply back numbers from that date on receipt of the money.

Subscribers to *Harper's Weekly* may rely upon finding in its pages an illustrated history of the times in which we live, together with the best Stories and Serial Tales written in the United States and in England.

MAUDE CLARE.

The fields were white with lily-buds,
White gleamed the lilied beck;
Each mated pigeon plumed the pomp
Of his metallic neck.

She follow'd his bride into the church,
With a lofty step and mien:
His bride was like a village maid,
Maude Clare was like a queen.

The minstrels made loud marriage din;
Each guest sat in his place,
To eat and drink, and wish good luck,
To do the wedding grace;

To eat and drink, and wish good luck,
To sing, and laugh, and jest:
One only neither ate nor drank,
Nor clapp'd her hands, nor bless'd.

"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,
With smiles, almost with tears,
"May Nell and you but live as true
As we have done for years;

"Your father, thirty years ago,
Had just your tale to tell;
But he was not so pale as you,
Nor I so pale as Nell."

My lord was pale with inward strife,
And Nell was pale with pride;
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare
Or ever he kiss'd the bride.

No eyes were fix'd upon the bride,
Or on the bridegroom more;
All eyes were fix'd on grand Maude Clare,
While she look'd straight before.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord—
Have brought my gift," she said—
To bless the hearth, to bless the board,
To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain
You wore about your neck,
That day we waded ankle-deep
For lilies in the beck:

"Here's my half of the faded leaves
We pluck'd from budding bough,
With feet among the lily-leaves—
The lilies are budding now."

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,
He falter'd in his place:
"Lady," he said—"Maude Clare," he said,
"Maude Clare"—and hid his face.

She turn'd to Nell: "My Lady Nell,
I have a gift for you,
Though, were it fruit, the bloom were gone,
Or, were it flowers, the dew.

"Take my share of a fickle heart,
Mine of a paltry love:
Take it, or leave it, as you will,
I wash my hands thereof."

"ALL EYES WERE FIX'D ON GRAND MAUD CLARE."—[Drawn by Millais.]

ASSASSINATION OF ORMOND CHASE BY THE MEXICANS AT TEPIC.—From a Sketch made on the Spot.—[See next Page.]

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take,
And what you spurn I'll wear,
For he's my lord for better and worse,
And him I love, Maude Clare.

"Yea, though you're taller by the head,
More wise, and much more fair;
I'll love him till he loves me best—
Me best of all, Maude Clare!"

ASSASSINATION OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN IN MEXICO.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Vera Cruz, *November* 7, 1859.

The murder of Ormond Chase at Tepic, in August last, by order of the Mexican clergy chief, Leonardo Marquez, is one of those atrocities of the Mexican clergy upon Americans which should excite our people at home, from one end of the Union to the other, and impel our Government to prompt and effective action.

The circumstances of this brutal butchery are about these: Ormond Chase was a native of Maine. Two years ago or more he was employed by a man by the name of Hale, also an American, to take charge of a steam saw-mill, situated on the Santiago River, half-way between the town of Tepic and the port of San Blas, all in the State of Jalisco, Mexico. Mr. Chase attended faithfully to his business, and by his many acts of generosity won for himself the admiration and esteem of all who knew him, natives as well as foreigners. He became the great friend and favorite of Mr. Allsopp, the British Consul in Tepic.

The civil war now raging in this unhappy country, which has been bearing down every substantial interest in its onward devastating course, at length, in July last, made it impossible for Chase to continue operations at the saw-mill, and as danger threatened his employer, who lived at Tepic, where a riotous and demoralized soldiery were scattering terror by their acts of libertinism, he went there to give him the benefit of his services. It is notorious, and proved by the affidavits of respectable parties, that Chase actually did save, not only his employer's house from pillage, but also the houses of several other citizens, by his persuasion and threats. This was with the Constitutionalists. The town shortly after fell into the hands of Marquez, with his cut-throat crew of clergy soldiers. Mr. Allsopp, the British Consul, like many other residents of Tepic, had fled with his family, to escape the danger that threatened the place with this change; and poor Chase was left in charge of the British Consulate, and, it is notorious, was the only foreigner in the town. He saved the Consulate from harm without firing a shot.

Shortly after the entrance of Marquez Mr. Allsopp returned, and Chase was relieved of his responsibility. He walked abroad, and no one spoke to him or of him but in praise of his gallant and disinterested acts. Whether it was from jealousy of his popularity, or that he was an independent American, or some other cause for *revenge*, he was suddenly and unexpectedly arrested, after the clergy forces had been in the place about ten days, and was locked in a dungeon, without the liberty of seeing or receiving any communications from his friends, who appear to have made effort in his behalf. At length he was ordered a prisoner to Guadalajara; but had gone but half the way when he was ordered back, and again thrown in prison. His friends renewed their efforts to obtain his liberty, or at least a fair trial. They were assured by officers of high rank in the clergy forces, as appears by positive testimony, that "the worst that could happen to Chase would be to send him out of the country." As this sentence was considered unjust they strove to have it averted, but felt less anxiety than when he was at first imprisoned. The reader may therefore imagine the horror and surprise of the friends of poor Chase when, on the morning of the 7th August last, they learned that Chase had been shot, and that his body was then suspended to the limb of a tree within the limits of the town. Orders had arrived during the night from Marquez, who had returned to Guadalajara, to "shoot Chase, and hang him up for twenty-four hours, *as an example to foreigners!*" Inhuman and brutal, and incredible as may appear this order, it is nevertheless true that it was given by Leonardo Marquez, as will in due time appear by the affidavit of a respectable person who has *seen* the order in question.

This case certainly presents the most horrible aspect of any of the many occurrences which have so disgraced Mexico in the last twelve months. It is nothing but the fiendish murder of a worthy man because he was an American, and must be set down as more horrible still, if possible, than the assassinations at Tacubaya. In the past year we have had to witness the sacrifice of numbers of our fellow-countrymen, most of whose names are not now in my possession, and several are perhaps lost forever; but of those now in memory we have Dr. Howard, of Atlixco; James Glenn & Son, near Zacatecas, formerly of North Carolina; Albert Lamon, of New York; Dr. Duval, of Texas; two Smith boys, formerly of Philadelphia; and Ormond Chase, of Maine. Many others have been murdered in the most shocking manner; as, for instance, an American was shot by Miramon, while he was on his way back from Vera Cruz, in April last. Miramon came up in disguise, in the stage-coach. He met an American on the road, and engaging in talk with him, discovered he was an American, and liberal in his views. This was enough. Miramon and his companions seized the poor fellow in an unguarded moment, and shot him like a dog. In reply to every representation made upon the dreadful state of affairs in this country our Government turns a deaf ear; and the bloodhounds of the clergy go on cutting off one after another of our fellow-countrymen, who are situated so in Mexico that to leave on the moment would be utter ruin, and who hope still that our people at home can not be so entirely lost to all sense of honor and humanity as to see us all butchered like so many rats. It is fair to say that very many Americans have fled Mexico in the last year, fearing the scenes that are now transpiring; but most of those did so without losing their fortunes—an example now not to be imitated, owing to the general anarchy prevailing in every direction throughout the land. It is not only impossible to move valuables, but exceedingly dangerous to travel for any distance. The recent robbery of the *conducta* at Guadalajara by Marquez should be sufficient proof of what I say.

An American.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 3, 1859.

Our regular Annual Holiday Pictorial is now ready, containing a large number of magnificent Engravings by the most Eminent Artists. Price Six Cents per copy.

MEXICAN OUTRAGE ON OUR SOUTHERN FRONTIER.

Whatever be the truth respecting the recent Mexican outrages on the Rio Grande, there can be no question but grave injuries have been inflicted on United States citizens by Mexicans. In the absence of an adequate military force at Brownsville, it is certain that bands of filibusters, headed by the outlaw Cortinas, have plundered our fellow-citizens wherever they found them, and it is likely that rape and murder have been superadded to robbery. Brownsville may or may not have been taken; the accounts published in the papers may or may not have been exaggerated; it is none the less undoubted that United States territory has been invaded from Mexico, and that an actual state of war exists on the Rio Grande.

If this were an isolated instance, the countrymen of Walker and the admirers of Lopez might find it difficult to render the Mexican people responsible for the outrages committed by Cortinas. The willingness expressed by the Metamoras authorities to assist our friends at Brownsville in repelling the outlaws, will likewise naturally have weight on the Mexican side.

But, on the other hand, the outrage which we illustrate elsewhere tells a tale which all the charity in the world can not gainsay. And it is but one more illustration of a state of feeling which has become notorious. The ignorant, besotted, and grasping clergy of Mexico know well that their worst enemies are the people of the United States. They are well aware that enmity to greedy priestcraft is an essential ingredient in the composition of the Anglo-Saxon settler. And while the power of this country and the usages of civilized nations forbid their punishing our countrymen in Mexico by wholesale for their heretical opinions—as they would undoubtedly like to do—they are quite ready to work out their vengeance in detail, when occasion serves, as in the case of Ormond Chase. Experience justifies the assertion that no American's life is safe in Mexico when he is beyond the range of United States guns. Wherever the priests have reason to believe that they can murder our countrymen with impunity, the history of the past few years proves that they will gratify their spite by doing so. Cortinas is, after all, nothing more than an active instrument of a party which is dominant throughout Mexico. At the time we write, intelligence arrives that another American citizen has just been massacred at Guanaxuato; and Marquez, the murderer of Ormond Chase, is, by his denunciation and assassination of Americans, rapidly rising into the highest favor with the priests and their disciples.

A daily newspaper stated the other day that the United States Cabinet had resolved to occupy the northern States of Mexico. The news was of course untrue. Mr. Buchanan laid before Congress, a year ago, his views on the subject of Mexican affairs, and recommended the occupation, by United States troops, of the northern Mexican States. But the patriots who compose the two Houses of Congress were too busy with their party quarrels to pay heed to his recommendation. Mr. Buchanan is therefore no better prepared to invade Mexico than he was twelve months since. He can not do so on his own responsibility without incurring a risk which he, of all men, would not care to assume.

Had any leading European Power—Great Britain, France, Russia, or Austria—been in our position, not only Mexico but Central America would have been occupied by a military force long ago, and peace, order, and commerce would have flourished from Texas to Panama. The greatest gainers by such an arrangement would have been the Mexicans and the Central Americans; but the whole world would have derived benefit. There are difficulties in the way of a military occupation of any part of Mexico or Central America by the United States. This nation's charter being written, and no provision being therein made for the military occupation of foreign lands, such an event might be viewed as a novelty of questionable constitutionality. At the same time, if ever we have a President like Jackson, who is not afraid of assuming responsibility, it is possible that the United States may render this service to their Southern neighbors and to the world. Until they do, the finest part of the continent will remain a prey to murdering priests, thievish politicians, infamous soldiers of fortune, and banditti of every kind.

AMERICAN CONSERVATISM.

Conservatism, taken in its more tangible aspects, is simply the law of habit applied to the institutions and arrangements of society as now existing. It is the principle by which we value things in their political and social connections for what they have demonstrated themselves to be. It is the price that long usage has affixed to the inheritance of the past—the rate at which we hold their economic and moral results. Viewed as conservatives, men are contented beings; or if not in sentiment absolutely so, they are practically disposed to make the best of circumstances as they are. Conservatism does not reject new ideas and oppose all reforms. If it did, it would soon destroy itself by petrifying its own heart. But it resists change unless change is demanded by urgent and imperative reasons. Present institutions may have their defects, but conservatism has found them out, measured their exact length and breadth, suited itself to them, and learned the art to exercise liberty and power under them. It is very easy to idealize a better state of things, but conservatism argues that ideas in the brain and ideas out of the brain are not precisely the same. It understands how real life abates the splendor of fine sentiments, and what havoc an hour's genuine experience makes with abstract philosophy. It is with these brilliant conceptions of imaginable good as it is with costly perfumes—delightful with your nose at the bottle; but let them escape into the air, and they speedily lose their delicate odor.

American conservatism is a common-sense estimate of political society as organized in our institutions. It does not pretend to say that every thing here is as good as it ought or might be, nor does it attempt to mortgage the future to what has been established. It merely reasons that the present vindicates the order of affairs as working among us, and hence that patriotism and philanthropy may afford to be satisfied. Looking at the practical side of government, it is keenly alive to the difficulties and dangers that beset its operations; and if it can keep society together on any thing like fair terms, it relies on the great agencies outside of organic arrangements to carry the race forward. One generation never thinks as it should of its obligations to another, and children forget, ay, despise, the sufferings of parents in their behalf. American conservatism has a reverential look toward the past. It recalls the bloody footsteps of the Revolutionary army in the snow, the protracted agony of suspense, and the vicissitudes of war; and then it recollects that peace only changed the nature of the struggle, and how, for long years, Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, and their contemporaries had to put the independence arms had gained into a constitution that arms would not be needed to uphold. In that constitution it was comparatively easy to settle principles. But men's opinions are not so readily adjusted. Forbearance and liberal sympathy were demanded here; pride and prejudice had to be surrendered; and as private tastes are ordinarily more formidable barriers to hearty fellowship than opposite ideas, our forefathers had to agree to sacrifice them on the altar of the common welfare. American conservatism magnifies this office of our early patriotism. It reveres its spirit as heroic, and cherishes its work as bearing the seal of Heaven.

It is not our freedom, but the energy with which we are using this freedom, that constitutes our danger. In a few years our new States swell into empires. Activity multiplies feet and hands faster than arithmetic can count them. With us enterprise opens a new history. It is something more than old-fashioned rising at sunrise and working till sunset. Day and night are astronomical periods of light and darkness, but not alternations of labor and rest. Every man has something going on while he sleeps. The schedules of toil cover twenty-four hours, and not a few obliterate Sunday. The pulse of business must beat on without intermission, and things which can not be consummated at once are not thought to be worth doing. If this spirit were confined to mechanical and mercantile pursuits, the laws of trade might control its action. But our whole mind is getting impregnated with this temper of wild adventure. We improve machinery, and forthwith the notion seizes us that we can manufacture a better article in the way of society. We cheapen clocks, and thence conclude that we can reduce the cost of virtue. We perfect a penny newspaper, and then offer a prospectus for a penny patriotism. Against all such distempered fancies conservatism lifts up a stout remonstrance. It considers some things as done once for all. It does not ask for a better gravitation or for more beautiful rainbows. It is eloquent in questions, asking, Are we half as good as our institutions? Are we half as honest, half as upright, half as brotherly, as the theory of American republicanism? If we now find it all but impossible to live up to the practical standard of Constitutional order and law, had we not better improve ourselves instead of our system? Whenever there are intelligence, virtue, and brotherhood enough in this land to execute the great trust confided to us in the principles and pledges of the American Constitution, tell us then of a higher code and a purer creed of political ethics.

The country grows sufficiently rapid for all the wants of its own population and of the world. We make money and impudence fast enough. We shall soon smoke all the tobacco, drink all the wine, and wear all the silks on the earth. If we have drawbacks and clogs and friction, pray let them be spared. Swift-sailing ships need good ballast, and substantial brakes are not to be despised on railroad cars.

The triumphs of our country are matters of sincere and exultant gratulation. Thanks for what has been done! Thanks for the war of 1812—for cheap lands—for cotton-gins, clocks, reapers, telegraphs, clipper ships, California! But—thanks for what we have not, also. Our pockets now are bigger than our pantaloons: would we have them bigger yet? Our stomachs have encroached on our brains in one direction and toward our boots in another: would we have them still more sack-like? Now, reader, in our serious moods we sometimes think that Providence has done quite as much for the United States by *denial* as by *gratification*. Its goodness has restrained us from rushing *too soon into too much*. Was it not a fortunate thing that we did not drive back the Indians earlier and weaken ourselves by spreading over the West before we could bear it? Was it not equally fortunate that Florida, Louisiana, and California did not come into our possession more quickly than they did? Did we not learn our manufacturing wisdom, our banking wisdom, our low tariff wisdom just at the right time? If we yet have our barriers and impediments, let us not foolishly quarrel with them. They will get out of the way at the opportune moment. This is what sensible conservatism believes, and for this it patiently waits.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE REMEDY FOR BALTIMORE.

A Baltimore correspondent, referring to a recent article of ours on the riots at the late election in that city, thus suggests a remedy:

"The present Constitution has framed our criminal system very defectively. The ward magistrates examine and commit (without power to punish) parties charged with crime for trial by the criminal court, constituted also of elective officers. The terms of that court are entirely too brief; and were every moment industriously spent, to try all the minor and aggravated offenses of a city embracing a quarter of a million population would be an impossibility. Unfortunately, however, the Judge is without energy, and has lost the respect due to his position; consequently crime (particularly violence to persons) frequently escapes punishment. We have no Mayor's or Recorder's Court with any criminal jurisdiction. We have but one court for all offenses.

"Next year we have a Constitutional Convention; these evils then will be assuredly remedied.

"The true sentiment of the city and State is that the elective judiciary is a failure; that our criminal system is inadequate and inefficient; that a daily Recorder's Court in the city is a necessity, so punishment shall quickly follow the offense; that a Registry Law is essential; that magistrates, constables, and all criminal officers must be appointed, not elected; that the police must be appointed during good behavior.

"With these alterations Baltimore will wheel, even on election-day, into line as one of the best governed cities of the Union."

BRUNEL'S THROAT AGAIN.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Your correspondent, T. H. H., has himself fallen into a slight error in describing the removal of the half-sovereign from the throat of the late Mr. Brunel.

He ascribes the success to Mr. Brunel's contrivance, "after many attempts by the most skillful London surgeons to remove it by the aid of instruments had entirely failed."

Now Mr. Brunel's contrivance was first tried without success, such intense suffocation being produced by it as to endanger his life; and it was not until *sixteen days* after Sir Benjamin Brodie had opened the windpipe that, by sharp blows being given between the shoulders while the head was kept low, the coin rattled against his teeth, to the great delight of the patient and all present.

The part which Sir Benjamin Brodie took in Mr. Brunel's case gave rise to the following excellent conundrum, which was propounded to me some years ago by another very eminent man—the late Dr. Marshall Hall.

Q. Why is Sir Benjamin Brodie like a hired assassin?

A. Because he cut a man's throat for half a sovereign.

Yours respectfully, R. C.

Montreal, *November*, 1859.

THE LOUNGER.

CONSERVATISM.

Is your neighbor, who goes and comes every day upon a ferry-boat or upon a railroad train, and who is very anxious that nobody should ever inspect the engine, or ascertain whether the engineer be in the habit of getting drunk, who declares that every thing is working beautifully and smoothly, inviting your attention to the pretty view from the upper deck, and insisting that if you go below to spy into the machinery you run risk of smelling bad smells, and of soiling your fingers and clothes, besides making the passengers feel as if something must be wrong if any body goes to see that every thing is right—is this neighbor of yours a conservative? Is that complacent stupidity and bland boobyishness conservatism?

Every traveler ought to know that friction to some extent is inseparable from the working of all machinery; and with friction comes wear and tear and need of repair. The conservative is the man who remembers this, and is always jealous of the public security in travel—who keeps the wheels always oiled, without waiting for them to creak; and who cherishes no blind confidence in the mere fact that every thing happens to be running swift and smoothly. The very rapidity is consuming the chances of safety, and as he knows this, does not guess at it; knows it because he is a wise man and not a fool, and understands that mechanics have final laws; his constant care and suspicion to investigate and make sure are not like the puerile curiosity which makes a child break open his watch to see how it works; they are like the intelligent inspection of the watchmaker cleaning and regulating it.

Genuine conservatism, therefore, is neither stupidity, nor blindness, nor terror, nor self-indulgence, nor the spirit which is satisfied that the devil shall take the hindmost, or "after us the Deluge." It is not merely satisfied with a present state of things, for it knows that peace and prosperity in every department of the world's life depend upon laws as absolute as those of mechanics, and therefore it looks to see if the peace is peace or only an appearance—if the water be really water or only a mirage.

This, of course, is the only spirit by which the stability and progress of human civilization can be conserved, and therefore the party which is perpetually peering under the surface of the established order of things to see if it really rests upon any thing, and whether it may not all come down in a chaotic wreck at any moment, is the conservative party of any country. And yet it has often happened that the very opposite feeling has borne the name.

For instance, in Dickens's ghastly and powerful "Tale of Two Cities," Monseigneur represents what is often called conservatism. Monseigneur honored absolutely and without question the established order of things. Monseigneur succeeded to his father's estates and the general condition of France, and what was good enough for his father was good enough for Monseigneur. Monseigneur saw horrors and calamities, tragedies even, all around him. Doubtless; but Monseigneur took snuff, and whisked it daintily off his perfumed ruffles, and asked you, in the politest manner in the world, if you thought it wise to produce worse tragedies by trying to help those which were already happening.

You pleaded with him that there were laws of nature which could not be forever broken, instincts of humanity which could not be always outraged with impunity. Monseigneur smiled, bowed blandly, waved his white hand deprecatingly, and told you, *parbleu!* that you were a dreamer, a visionary, an enthusiast, an encyclopedist, *que scais-je?* even a revolutionist in your droll ideas. Monseigneur passed the wine and stroked his silk stockings. The French monarchy was how old? It had lasted some time? Had lasted, for instance, Louis Fourteenth's time, Louis Fifteenth's, surely it would last his sacred majesty Louis Sixteenth's, and his *femme adorable.* Monseigneur kissed the tips of his fingers in affectionate loyalty. When there were signs of danger it would be quite time enough to be afraid. Meanwhile to listen to *canaille*, to heed street babble, the slang of wine-shops, the seething of scum—pah! Let us drink to the *ancien régime*, to the glory of France.

Then Monseigneur went to bed. You remember how it is told in the story. Alas! the *ancien régime* could not save him—nor save France. Monseigneur was murdered in his bed—his castle was burned—his estates wasted—his family slaughtered and proscribed. Was it Saint Antoine that bred the revolution, or Saint Germain that ground its heel into the heart of its brother? Was it the fiend of the slums that sharpened the guillotine, or the Monseigneur that stung men into fiends and despair into fury? The Revolutionary Tribunal was the black and hideous flower that bloomed inevitably and naturally out of the Court of the Bourbon Louises. The fiery, maddened "liberty and equality" was only the under side of the *ancien régime*—the side kept for centuries from the sun and air, and bristling, quivering with poisonous, unclean things when it was turned up. Monseigneur begot the *sans culotte.*

To preserve the established order as if, because it *is* established, it ought to be, may be simply to tie down the safety-valve, and secure an immense speed and tranquillity, until the imminent moment when the steam, obeying its inevitable law, bursts, and shatters to destruction whatever opposes it. That may be conservatism upon a racing steamer: that was conservatism in old France.

But the conservatism of noble and generous and thoughtful men every where is a preservation of obedience to those instincts of human nature and the human conscience and the Divine law, from which alone individual and national prosperity and peace can flow; for conservatism is but another name for Christianity, aiming to establish, by following those laws, peace and good-will upon the earth.

ACCIDENTS BY RAIL.

The year, upon the whole, has been quite free from shocking railway disasters, but those that have lately occurred show the recklessness from which they usually arise. The tragedy of August upon the Northern road from Troy is fresh in the public memory. It was as near murder as any slaughter caused by utter carelessness could be. It was as much murder as the deadly shooting from a window into a crowd, without individual malice.

Recently a rail was removed from a bridge for repairs upon the Indiana Central Railroad. Presently a train of eighteen cars came thundering along, and went down into the river, killing three men, injuring several others, and destroying the live freight.

Upon the Hudson River Railroad the flag-man had turned the switch for the passenger-train, and signaled a freight train that he had done so. The engineer of the freight train, hoping still to pass before the other should reach the switch, came tearing on, and plunged off the track, plowing it up, smashing cars, and burying the locomotive, but fortunately destroying no lives, for the passenger-train was stopped before a collision.

These accidents are the consequences of the most criminal silliness. If a hotel-keeper should knock out several steps in his staircase, and send his guests to their rooms in the dark, he would do precisely what was done in these two cases. Why was not a man sent each way upon the Indiana road to warn off trains? There is no conceivable reply, but brutal stupidity. In the case of the Hudson River road, as it is related, the engineer is solely culpable. Surely the newspapers do only half their duty in not publishing his name, that all other companies and persons needing an engineer may be upon their guard.

It is not often, however, that a serious accident happens upon the Hudson River road. It is by nature one of the most dangerous in the country, and it is superintended with corresponding care and diligence. Its passengers have little reason to complain except of its wretched Hudson Street station. But a railway traveler can well spare splendor in the station if he can be sure of safety upon the road. On the other hand, an enterprising company will have every thing in keeping.

SONNET.

The sackcloth that infolds her is no gross
Material garment! Would to Heaven it were!
Then would the fabric made of serge and hair
Be only fleshly torture, clinging close,
And the soul's glory crown the body's loss!
The ashes that she sprinkles in wild prayer
Are not of earthly bitterness—the eye
Receives them not, though evermore they lie
Strewn on her head, a crown of agony!
I tell thee there are those clothed with despair;
And though the robe of state, the panoply
Of pride, may vail the inmost garb they wear,
Not less doth it corrode them and oppress
With its continuous sting of wretchedness.

NEW MUSIC.

If old wine be better to drink, old books to read, and old friends to talk with, why not old music to hear? Managers perpetually labor under the delusion that the public wants to hear new music; but the most certainly successful opera they can advertise is one of the oldest—indeed, with one or two exceptions, the very oldest upon the stage—"Don Giovanni."

Of course good new musical works are produced as good new books are published—but they are both rather rare. And if a public reader should announce that he would read the last new novel every evening, instead of some good, hearty, well-flavored, and well-known old work, his audience would surely dwindle. Certainly one of the best things in the management of the New York Philharmonic Society is, that they are generous of old music, and chary of the new.

This is not because the new may not be good, but because it takes a great many hearings really to hear a fine musical composition. In one performance we pass through it very much as we dash through fine scenery in the cars. We get a general idea of woods, hills, and waters; but only by often and often traveling that way do we come to know where to look for the details, so as to have the most profound enjoyment of the beauty. So it is only by often and often hearing that we come fully to the significance and charm of a great work of music.

New music should therefore be rather rarely heard than often. It will only gradually win public attention—unless it be a mere collection of pretty melodies, like one of Auber's or Flotow's operas; in which case it will be immediately popular, and whistled all over town the next morning.

Nor ought managers to complain if people do not like a new work of a popular composer, simply because it is new. They will naturally want to hear it. They may be even clamorous to hear it; and the manager must gratify them. But has he any more right to complain if it fail than a publisher when the work of a popular author encounters the same mishap? They each expect a great demand, and count upon their profits from it. If it do not come, they suffer. But why blame the public?

There is a habit of saying that the public ought to support the Opera, and ought to share the losses of the manager by going to see new works, got up at great expense. But why should the public go into partnership with the Opera more than with any other business? If the wares offered suit them, they will buy. If not, not. And if the business be not worth the chance, why does any body embark in it?

If certain persons, for the sake of hearing new works and deciding upon their merit, agree to reimburse the manager for producing them, all honor to them—they are public benefactors. But in the absence of any such offer, let no unwary manager assume that it is made, or he may find himself out of pocket with his "Sicilian Vespers."

DREAMLAND: AN INDIAN SUMMER LONGING.

There was a land my youth and childhood knew,
Ere yet its Heaven-taught wisdom I unlearned;
A land where all was beautiful and true,
And life's pure flame in peaceful glory burned;
Beauty was law, unknown were sin and pain—
Why didst thou fade? Sweet Dreamland, come again!

Flowers of unearthly radiance, never more
Can woods and fields your fairy fragrance bring!
Oh magic-throated birds! The song is o'er
That made a miracle of every spring!
Weird palace splendors of the sunset skies—
What lost horizon hides your witcheries?

Deep summer blue of heaven! I quaff not now
The intoxicating rapture of thy hue!
Nor sail on each white cloud whose darting prow
Points to far countries, wonderful and new!
Fresh from God's hand, untouched by wrong or stain,
Sweet Dreamland, wilt thou *never* come again?

Where now are those who peopled that fair shore?
Simple as childhood, wise and true and good
As a dear mother's kind and holy lore?
(Faith fails us now in man half understood!)
Angelic friends, whose love we vainly crave—
Are they all lying, Dreamland, in thy grave?

Ah! vain are such regrets! life onward flows,
And brings realities that, sternly sweet,
Wind round our hearts, and give their own repose;
Blessed duties, guiding on our wayward feet.
But the wild wish *will* spring—a yearning pain—
All else are dreams! Sweet Dreamland, come again!

Oh! dear lost land of love and hope and light!
Art thou forever vanished from our eyes?
No! sidelong glimpses bless our aching sight,
And busiest hours bring swift-winged ecstasies;
And when to weary eyes calm rest is given,
We shall awake, and find that thou art heaven!

O. L. R.

Nightingale House.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—The Author says:

"Your correspondent, 'Justitia,' will see, if she will read the story with a little more care, that Ella Howard, in 'Ephraim Denver's Ward,' has made an assignment of her marital rights, in consideration of the large sum paid by Mr. Robert Hilton Ives for the benefit of Harvey Oakes. The being turned out of doors by his heirs, he having died without a will, was therefore only the natural sequence of her marriage with Ives."

—Reader. Thiers is working away, and publishes as fast as he can.

—Jaydejator. It is very hard to name any "book of etiquette" which would be useful, because a gentleman can not be made by external rules. Gentility is in the character. The little details of social conduct—how to write notes—what clothes to wear and when—whether to speak to a lady first, etc., etc., are to be best learned by observation and inquiry. People who write books of etiquette know very little about them. The most elaborate work upon the general subject is "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son."

—St. Louis wants to know if "a woman can be a governor. I know of a certainty that a woman may be a governess." This is an old difficulty. Governess is not the feminine of governor; for a boy's private teacher is called tutor. St. Louis might therefore as well ask whether a woman who is a private teacher is a *tutoress.* It is an unnecessary distinction, except where the point is to know the sex. When we speak of *poets*, we mean Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Hemans as well as Browning and Byron. Because we say that a poet is a creator, shall we say that a woman, who is a poet, is a *creatress?* Mario is a singer: is Grisi a singeress? Is not Mrs. Stowe as much an *author* as Mr. Simms? The writer of books is an author. Madame de Staël is reckoned among French authors. She is a writer—not a writress. Now, if a hospital were managed by a board of governors, half of whom were to be women, does St. Louis think that each one of the latter would be a governess? Not at all. Governess is a word with no other masculine correspondent than tutor.

—X. Y. Z. In this country professional etiquette does not require that an attorney should be employed to draw up a brief "when it could be as ably performed, written or verbally, by X. Y. Z.," or any body else. The counsel would require only that it should be well done.—The Honorable Edward Everett is one of our wise men upon international law.

—C. S. Beatrice Cenci is pronounced as if a soft *h* were introduced after each *c.* In Italian this same *h* would make the pronunciation hard as if it were *k.* The Italian sound of *ci* can be represented in English only by *chee.*

—A. Phoole asks where to find the lines—

"Swift from his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear."

—R.'s "Trip down Tin River" is respectfully declined.

—Grace Fletcher. Yes.

—Shirley Keeldar. If the author of a story only conceives his characters naturally, they work out the plot of the story themselves. There is a fate which binds the author, and from which he can not escape; and that is, his perception of what his characters *ought* to do, and how, with such characters, the story would naturally result.

—J. M. F. It is very hard for a person who has very strong convictions upon a disputed subject to seem to be entirely impartial. In this country political neutrality, as it is called, is generally a very transparent mask. The impartiality is usually all on one side. If a man wishes to preserve an appearance of neutrality, he must refrain entirely from the discussion of questions upon which people differ. If he ventures upon it, he will inevitably take sides, as J. M. F. suggests.

—Hannah. The lines are not poetry, nor very good verse; but the feeling is womanly and generous. Oh, Hannah! it is *very* hard for any body to write poetry except the born poets, and they do it as easily as birds sing. It is no fault of yours, and no shame that you do not; and you must not think the Lounger severe because he says so.

—Baltimore. The ceremony of "Public Disrobing" was of the same kind as that of robing. In like manner, until very lately, in some of the German courts, spectators were admitted to a gallery in the room where the royal family dined.

—W. C. H. The postage to England is twenty-four cents. A letter addressed to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, London, will probably reach its destination.

—G. W. K. The lotus was a plant mentioned in the Odyssey, supposed to have been eaten by the companions of Ulysses, and to have produced a dreamy indolence and forgetfulness of home. To eat the lotus is, therefore, to idle away from home.

THE RAG-CUTTER,

AND WHAT SHE FOUND IN THE RAGS BEFORE 'TWAS FOUND IN THE PAPERS.

With parted lip and dreaming eye,
And cheeks caress'd by crowds of curls,
She stood, with mien half-bold, half-shy,
The fairest of a hundred girls.
A nun-like vail, o'er breast and brow,
Softens the grace it would conceal;
And so she stands before me now—
The Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.

Waist-high 'mid rags all day she stands;
A long, keen blade before her gleams,
Doomed, *Parcæ*-like, with dexterous hands,
To part what *is* from that which *seems.*
No blemish 'scapes her fatal shears—
Pure from impure—the good from ill;
In dust and tears she writes her years—
The Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.

Rags—only rags!—this costly lace,
Wrought cunningly, in days long past,
These frail cocoons of human dress,
To this complexion come at last.
Life throbb'd beneath their fragrant folds;
Warm, loving, close—it haunts them still;
And still infolds what now beholds
The Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.

What sees she in this tangled pile?
Fair fabrics of an Indian loom—
What marks of strife, what works of guile?
And who shall tell what deeds of doom?
One slender gash through jelick fair,
A few dull clots o'er lace and frill:
She reads the tragic story there—
The Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.

This little robe of matchless make,
By festering fingers fondly press'd;
It makes her woman heart to ache,
This heliograph of scenes unbless'd.
This faded stain alone remains
To tell how child and mother fell;
Perchance with *virus* fill thy veins,
Poor Rag-girl of the Paper-mill!

Rags—only rags! Poor castaways
Of human want or human pride;
Of bitter doom—of "better days"—
How much they tell that men would hide!
Think of it!—ye whose fingers hold
The dainty sheet these writings fill;
And marvel not such tales were told
The Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.

This bridal dress—these orange flowers—
Crumpled and crush'd, but fragrant still:
Oh! visions of long, by-gone hours,
Why must ye make old memories thrill?
Light, music, beauty—youth call back—
As life and love were at their fill?
May thoughts like these ne'er rise to rack
The Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.

This surplice graced "a saint in lawn;"
These shreds deformed a beggar knave;
These tawdry trappings shamed the dawn
That drove "the shameless" from the pave.
Strange way-side waifs we mortals weave
For after-times to "pick and steal!"
Thy Loom-of-life strange "Gobelins" weave,
Weird Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.

So pass her years, 'twixt toil and thought:
"Rags" changed to gold her labors crown:
A "home," with woman's witcheries fraught,
Awaits her as the day goes down.
Books, music, pictures—these are hers—
As they're for all who work and will;
And hope and health and homely cares
Make glad the girl of the Paper-mill.

Struck down, alas! through heart and brain
The madd'ning miasm turns to flame:
The world's disjointed! She (its Queen!)
Shall right its wrongs—avenge its shame!
No squalid hovel, dank and foul,
Where greed and gain their plagues distill;
No landlords' pimp must play the ghoul
O'er streets of graves their tenants fill.

Alas for the Maiden!—alas for the Mill!
Blacken'd and charr'd its timbers stand:
Fever and Fire have worked their will;
Nor hard to guess whence came the brand.
Pauper and Pest (twin-birth of wrong),
Swiftly ye poison and fast ye kill;
And silence rests on the once glad throng
That fill'd the *salle* of the Paper-mill.

* * * * * * *

She lives! Some far-off, Western wild
Grows glad beneath her Matron-hand;
And well she wields her sceptre mild
To guide, to counsel, and command.
A seer still, she walks serene
'Twixt certain Good and seeming Ill;
Piercing life's shams, with insight keen—
Brave Rag-girl of the Paper-mill!

J. Ives Pease.

JOHN W. FORNEY, EDITOR OF THE "PRESS."

AMONG the editors and politicians of the United States, few have attracted more attention than John W. Forney. He is a native of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and is now about forty-two years of age. In 1837 he became the editor and joint-owner of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, and in 1840 he united that paper with the Lancaster *Journal*, under the title of the *Intelligencer & Journal*, which he continued to publish until 1845. During the time thus spent as a Democratic editor in Lancaster county (which was then the stronghold of the Whig party), Mr. Forney gained a wide-spread reputation for ability as a writer, and for the unwavering constancy with which he advocated the principles of the Democratic party.

In 1845 he removed to Philadelphia, and in 1846 became the owner and editor of the Philadelphia *Pennsylvanian*. He remained there until he was elected Clerk of the House of Representatives, in 1851, but still continued for two years after he had assumed the duties of his office to write for the *Pennsylvanian*. He was a candidate in 1849 for the Clerkship, and received the caucus nomination of the Democratic members, who were then in a majority; but owing to the defection of some members of his party, who voted in the House for Mr. Campbell, the Whig candidate, he was defeated. This act of bad faith caused great indignation at the time; but Colonel Forney returned to his home, and did all in his power to allay the bitter feelings which it had created.

During his career as editor of the *Pennsylvanian* that paper gained a national reputation by the vigor of its political articles. While always courteous to political antagonists, and maintaining friendly personal relations with his editorial and other leading political antagonists, Mr. Forney became, in popular estimation, the oracle of his party in Pennsylvania, and in repeated contests infused into it the enthusiasm which led it on to victory. Every political question of the day was boldly met, and disarmed in a masterly manner.

Elected as Clerk of the National House of Representatives in 1851, he was re-elected in 1853, and performed the duties of the office in a very creditable and satisfactory manner. At the opening of the Congress of 1855, which was controlled by the Opposition, but in which, owing to the party divisions, no one united party possessed a clear majority, it was his duty, as Clerk of the old House, to act as the presiding officer until a new Speaker was elected; and during the protracted struggle which took place at the commencement of the session, and which was continued for several weeks before an organization was effected, Mr. Forney, by his dignified and manly bearing and parliamentary ability, preserved admirable order, and prevented any of those violent political personal conflicts which have too often disgraced Congress, and which the bitter feeling then existing between the various parties rendered daily almost inevitable. His decisions on all questions of order were always sustained; and such was the high estimation in which he was held by the House, and the appreciation of his fairness and impartiality, that the members were always ready to acquiesce in his decisions and eager to sustain him. Hon. Humphrey Marshall of Kentucky, J. Morrison Harrison of Maryland, Robert T. Paine of North Carolina, Mark Trafton of Massachusetts, Lewis D. Campbell of Ohio, who were prominent Opposition members, besides a large number of Democrats, all paid to Mr. Forney their tribute of praise for the satisfactory manner in which he discharged the duties of his office.

After Mr. Banks was sworn in as Speaker the House, before adjourning, unanimously passed a resolution of thanks to him "for the distinguished ability, fidelity, and impartiality with which he has presided over the deliberations of the House of Representatives during the arduous and protracted contest for Speaker which has just closed." The very day that he resigned his office to his successor his accounts, involving millions of dollars, were all settled at the Treasury Department, so exact and regular had he been in the discharge of his duties. The admirable system he observed in this office, which is one of great importance and responsibility, has never been surpassed.

Mr. Forney's connection with the Washington *Union* continued during the latter part of Mr. Fillmore's administration, and during three years of Mr. Pierce's. This important post he resigned that he might devote his time and attention to securing the nomination of Mr. Buchanan at the Cincinnati Convention. Retiring from Washington to his home in Pennsylvania, he was elected by the Democratic State Convention of March 4, 1856, chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, and from that day was untiring until the close of the election in November.

JOHN W. FORNEY, ESQ., OF PHILADELPHIA.

In January, 1857, he became a candidate for the United States Senate, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the expiration of the term of Hon. Richard Brodhead.

The Democratic members of the Legislature reflected the wishes of their constituents, and by a handsome majority gave Mr. Forney the caucus nomination on the first ballot; but he was defeated in the election by S. Cameron, who influenced enough opposition votes to secure his election. When the result was announced the feeling of indignation was intense in Pennsylvania. Meetings were called throughout the State, and the individuals who were charged with betraying their party were bitterly denounced.

Meantime all possible admiration and respect were expressed for the character and services of Mr. Forney, and deep regret at his defeat. After the senatorial contest he returned to his home in Philadelphia, and for a while remained quietly in the midst of his family, enjoying the comforts of private life, which the excitement and fatigue of an active campaign rendered necessary.

After the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan he tendered to Mr. Forney several lucrative political positions, which he declined.

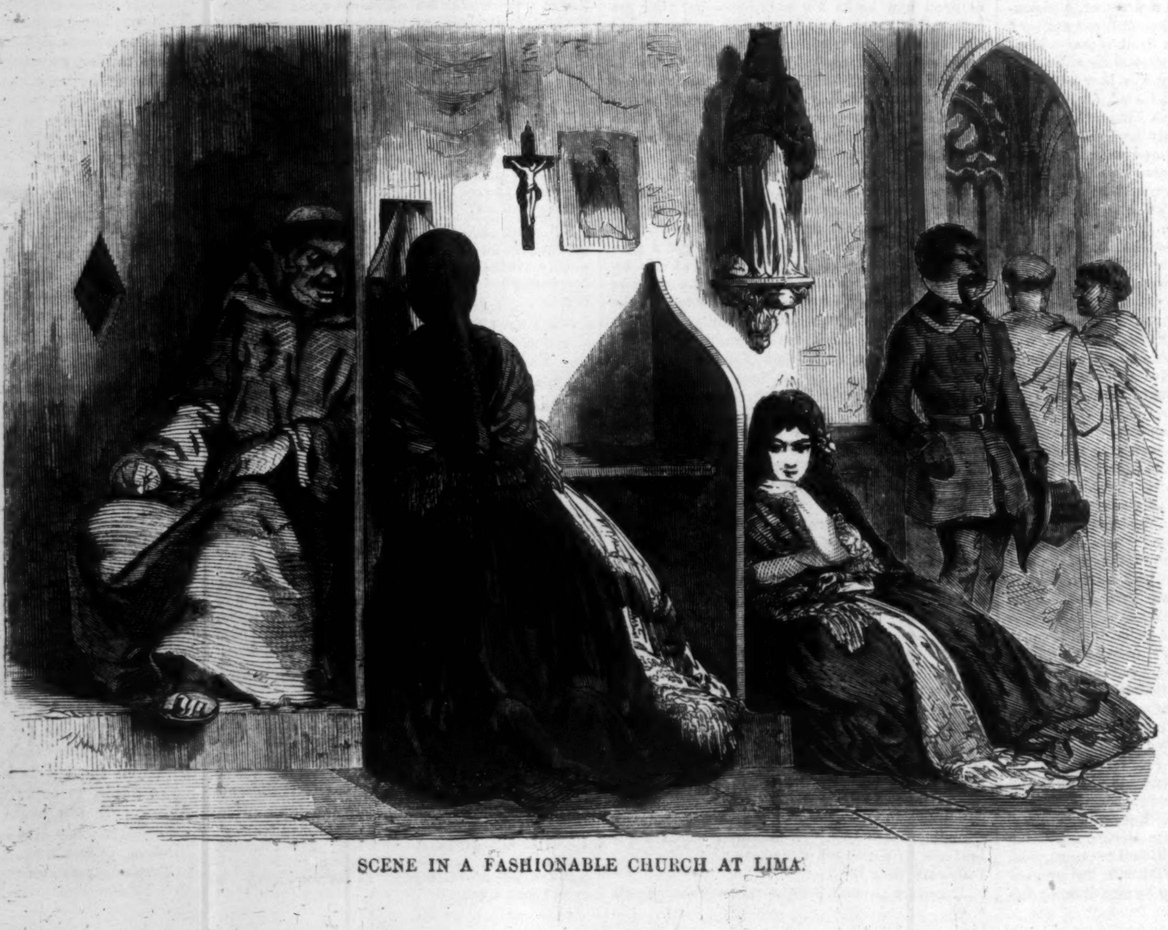
In August, 1857, he commenced the publication of *The Press*, an independent Democratic newspaper, at Philadelphia. From the very outset it was one of the most successful newspapers of the country, and has now attained a very large circulation. It extended to Mr. Buchanan's administration a warm support up to the time of the adoption of the Lecompton Constitution, and the effort to secure the admission of Kansas into the Union under it. Mr. Forney resolutely opposed that measure, and as the Administration made a test question of it, and ostracized all who refused to indorse its policy, a disruption of the friendly relations which had previously existed between him and Mr. Buchanan was inevitable. The result of the struggle engendered now forms part of the political history of the country. At the Congressional election of 1857, in the Northern States, the Administration candidates were defeated in nearly every district. In Pennsylvania but two were elected. Notwithstanding Mr. Forney's long-continued and prominent identification with the Democratic party, he resolutely maintained his position as an Anti-Lecompton Democrat, sustaining only those candidates who were faithful adherents of the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty.

At the present time he is again advocated by many of the newspapers of the country as a candidate for Clerk of the House of Representatives. That body will be composed of Administration Democrats, Republicans, South Americans, and Anti-Lecompton Democrats, neither of which parties possess a clear majority, and it will therefore become necessary, as in 1855, that a coalition of some kind should be formed to control the organization of the House. The Republican members will probably possess sufficient strength, by uniting with either the South Americans or the Anti-Lecompton Democrats, to elect a Speaker and Clerk; and one of these unions will probably be formed. If they unite with the South Americans, a Republican Speaker will probably be elected, and a South American Clerk of the House of Representatives. If they unite with the Anti-Lecompton Democrats, it is supposed Mr. Forney would again be elected to the position he occupied from 1851 to 1855.

A CONFESSIONAL IN A CHURCH AT LIMA.

THE accompanying sketch of a confessional at Lima will be recognized by all who have traveled in Catholic countries. The artist who drew it thus describes the scene:

"The interior of the churches differ but little from those in Europe, excepting that the roofs are divided into innumerable compartments of almost every shape. The confessional-boxes do not shut in, and the penitents are only separated from their spiritual adviser by a strip of black silk, which is suspended over the opening through which the confessions are made. My attention was greatly attracted by a young girl who occupied one of the confessionals, and who seemed to be relating something of intense interest, for every now and then, when she appeared to pause, the face of the monk, who was listening to her tale of love or aught else, would take an expression of impatient anxiety, which was immensely amusing. I could not help taking out my book and pencil and jotting down the accompanying sketch, which will give you an idea of the group they formed. In an adjoining pew was seated a charming girl waiting her turn to communicate. She was elegantly dressed, and, on seeing me with my pencil in hand, evidently took some pains to place herself in an easy and graceful pose. A negro servant, half of whose face was hidden by an extravagant shirt collar, attended the young lady. He stood at some little distance from his mistress, and, perceiving how I was employed, endeavored to get himself into the most dignified attitude, expecting by this to attract my attention and get transferred, collar and all, to paper."



SCENE IN A FASHIONABLE CHURCH AT LIMA.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXXX.

REMINISCENCE.

ON the very evening that General Belch and Abel Newt were sitting together, smoking, taking snuff, sipping wine, and discussing the great principles that should control the action of American legislators and statesmen, Hope Wayne and Mrs. Simcoe sat together in their pleasant drawing-room, talking of old times. The fire crackled upon the hearth, and the bright flames flickering through the room brought out every object with fitful distinctness. The lamp was turned almost out—for they found it more agreeable to sit in a twilight as they spoke of the days which seemed to both of them to be full of subdued and melancholy light. They sat side by side; Hope leaning her cheek upon her hand, and gazing thoughtfully into the fire; Mrs. Simcoe turned partly toward her, and occasionally studying her face, as if peculiarly anxious to observe its expression.

It might have happened in many ways that they were speaking of the old times. The older woman may have intentionally led the conversation in that direction for some ulterior purpose she had in view. Or what is more likely than that the young woman should constantly draw her friend and guardian to speak of days and people connected with her own life, but passed before her memory had retained them?

"And you thought, then," said Mrs. Simcoe, "that you wanted to see more society—do you remember?"

Hope smiled faintly.

"NO ONE KNOWS WHEN HE IS HAPPY, HOPE."

"Yes, I have often thought of it. I remember you told me that I should probably have what I wanted quite as soon as I was ready for it. So it proved," she said, smiling more decidedly; "and there was a time when I was really unhappy."

Mrs. Simcoe looked narrowly at the beaming face beside her, full of peaceful light, and hope, and life. Her sad eyes filled with tears, and she sighed. Hope, without looking up, but with an air of happy reverie, said, as if it were only kind to ask,

"Why do you sigh, aunty?"

"Because no one knows when he is happy, Hope."

"Why, aunty, you are a scholar: you know the old philosopher said, 'Count no man happy till he dies.'"

"I know nothing of the old philosophers, my darling. Philosophy is nothing in the dark hours. It is a broken reed to lean upon, not the unfailing staff, as Mr. Summerfield used to say."

"What did he call the unfailing staff, aunty?" asked Hope, still as if lost in her own thoughts, and only speaking because it was not kind to remain silent.

With a solemn, murmuring voice Mrs. Simcoe repeated the lines—

"I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know."

The expression on Hope's face changed. As the older woman spoke, her companion seemed to herself to be again sitting on the lawn—it was sunset—the pines murmured—her aunty was sitting at the upper window—and the sound of the old hymn floated into the tranquil air like a benediction.

After a few moments Hope looked about with a half-bewildered air, as if awaking. Mrs. Simcoe, with her hands clasped before her bosom, as if in inward prayer, seemed to be wrestling with some strong emotion. There were hollow circles under her eyes, which Hope could see as the flames flashed and fell; and respecting her struggle, whatever it might be, Hope waited until the look of anguish passed and the old sad calmness returned.

"Aunty," she said, taking her hand, "you were speaking of Mr. Summerfield. Will—"

There was a faint start upon the part of the older woman, but she almost instantly conquered the feeling, and showed that she was ready to listen.

"Do you remember that you used to mention his name very, very often when I was a child?—that you used to say, 'Hope dear, this was Mr. Summerfield's favorite hymn,' or, 'My child, you should have heard Mr. Summerfield read that verse,' or you used to speak of him as 'the saint?'"

"It was because all the happiest and saddest associations of my life cluster around him, Hope," replied Mrs. Simcoe, calmly. "At one time I heard him constantly, and his figure and face and fiery sweetness are burned into my memory forever. He was very young—he was only twenty-seven when he died; but think what a work he did! He was slight and short, with a sweet blue eye; and his whole face had the earnest, loving expression of that eye. He was like an instrument of heavenly sweetness upon which only divine tunes were played. He was not violent in his manner, but very impassioned; and when he stood in the pulpit to preach, with the vast congregation crowding every part of the church, sitting upon the pulpit-stairs, upon the gallery-railings, and wherever a foot could press itself to stand, or room be found to sit, the great responsibility of speaking to that swarm of human beings of their most momentous interests so filled and possessed him, that in the prayer he seemed to yearn for strength and the gifts of grace so earnestly—he cried, so as if his heart were bursting, 'Help, Lord, or I perish!' that the vast crowd, murmuring with sobs, with gasps, and sighs, echoed solemnly, as if they had but one voice, and it were all muffled in tears—'Help, Lord, or I perish!' But, Hope, as in summer you so often see a cloud full of light even while it showers rain, but presently breaking away and dissipated in the full glory of sunlight, so when the prayer was ended, his soul, which had been as if obscured and weeping—yet a doubt and a weeping which God's grace lighted up and shone through — his soul, in the sermon, seemed to express itself in the most touching eloquence, as simply and easily as a bird sings.

"I heard him preach one day upon the Grace of God, and, by God's blessing, I was awakened. Never shall I forget his words; never the winning melody of his voice, and the folding, embracing, caressing persuasion of his gestures. Oh, Hope! I recall the very words he used," said the older woman, with a keen, piercing look, as if she saw the scene once more:

"'Ah! sinner, sinner, it is he, our God, who shoots us through and through with the sharp sweetness of his power. It is our God who scatters the arrows of his wrath; but they are winged with the plumes of the dove, the feathers of softness, and the Gospel. Oh! the promises! the promises!—Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Yes, patriarch of white hairs, of wasted cheeks, and tottering step! the burden bears you down, almost to the ground to-day—into the ground to-morrow. Here stands the Judge to give you rest. Yes, mother of sad eyes and broken spirit! whose long life is a sorrowful vigil, waiting upon the coming of wicked sons, of deceitful daughters—weary, weary, and heavy laden with tribulation, here is the Comforter who shall give you rest. And you, young man, and you, young maiden, sitting here to-day in the plenitude of youth and hope and love, Remember your Creator in the days of your youth, for the dark day cometh — yea, it is at hand!' And so fearfully did his voice and look and manner express apprehension, as if something were about to fall upon the congregation, that there was a sudden startled cry of terror. There were cries of 'Lord! Lord! have mercy!' Smothered shrieks and sobs filled the air; pale faces stared at each other like spectres. I fell upon my knees, and felt the power of the Lord. My soul sank in deep waters, Selah; but they were the waters of grace and faith, and I was convicted of all my sins. But pausing a moment, while the vast crowd swayed and shook with the tumult of emotion, with his arms outspread, the veins on his forehead swollen, and the light flashing in his eyes, he raised his arms and eyes to heaven, and said, with inexpressible sweetness, in tones which seemed to trickle with balm into the very soul, as soft spring rains ooze into the ground, 'Yea, it is at hand, but so art thou! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; and when youth and hope and love have become dead weights and burdens in these young hearts, teach them how to feel the peace that passeth understanding. Draw them to thee, for they wearily labor: they are heavily laden, gracious Father! Oh, give them rest!'"

As Mrs. Simcoe spoke she had straightened herself and sat upright in her chair. Every word she uttered was said with singular fervor, and Hope Wayne was amazed at the copious flow. It was as if she had suddenly pressed an unknown stop in the organ on which she had played a few simple tunes from infancy, but which now broke out into imperial and stately harmonies.

"Then," continued Mrs. Simcoe, "then he portrayed the doom of those who resist and reject the offered grace. 'Come!' he exclaimed, 'freely come! It is the eternal spring of living water. It is your life, and it flows for you. Come! come! it is the good shepherd who calls his flock to wander by the still waters and in the green pastures. Will you abide outside? Then, woe! woe! when the night cometh, and the shepherd folds his flock, and you are not there. Will you seek Philosophy, and confide in that? It is a ravening wolf—and ere morning you are consumed. Will you lean on human pride—on your own sufficiency? It is a broken reed, and your fall will be forever fatal. Will you say there is no God?'—"

Mrs. Simcoe moved her chair back so suddenly that Hope, intently listening, uttered a half cry, and suddenly rose as if to help her; but she saw that it was an involuntary movement, occasioned by the energy of her feeling and the vividness of her remembrance of the scene. Mrs. Simcoe continued, as if entirely unconscious of Hope's presence, so entirely was she absorbed by the mental scene; her voice sank into a low, menacing whisper, as if reproducing the very tone of the preacher she was describing.

"'Will you say there is no God?' He raised his hands warningly, and shook them over the congregation while he lowered his voice. 'Hush! hush! lest he hear—lest he mark—lest the great Jehovah'—his voice swelling suddenly into loud, piercing tones—'Maker of heaven and earth, Judge of the quick and the dead, the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End, the eternal Godhead from everlasting to everlasting, should know that you, pitiable, crawling worm—that you, corrupt in nature and conceived in sin! child of wrath and of the devil! say that there is no God! Woe, woe! for the Judge cometh! Woe, woe! for the gnashing of teeth and the outer darkness! Woe, woe! for those who crucified him, and buffeted him, and pierced him with thorns! Woe, woe! for the Lord our God is a just God, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. But oh! when the day of mercy is past! Oh! for the hour—sinner, sinner, beware! beware!—when that anger rises like an ingulfing fiery sea, and sweeps thee away forever!'

"You would have thought the sea had entered the building; for the congregation half rose, and a smothered cry swept over the people. Many rose upright with clasped hands and cried, 'Hallelujah!' 'Praise be to God!' Others lay cowering and struggling upon the seats; others sobbed and gazed with frantic earnestness at the face of the young apostle. Children with frightened eyes seized the cold hands of their mothers. The Lord was dealing with his people—convicting sinners, and calling the lost sheep home; some fainted, but could not be borne out, so solid was the throng. Their neighbors loosened their garments and fanned them, repeating snatches of hymns, and waiting for the next word of the preacher.

"He stood as if lifted up by an inward power, beholding with joy the working of the Word, but with a total unconsciousness of himself. Ah! the young man was meek and lowly while he was about his Father's business. And after waiting for a few moments, the music of his voice poured out peace upon that awakened throng.

"'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Yes, fellow-sinners, rest. For all of us, rest. For the weariest, rest. For you who, just awakened, tremble in doubt, rest. For you, young woman, who despairest of heaven, rest. For you, young man, so long in the bondage of sin, rest. Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest. Brother, sister, it shall be so. To your weary soul those wings shall be fitted. Far from the world of grief and sin, of death and disappointment, you shall fly away. Deep in the bosom of your God, you shall be at rest. That dove is his holy grace. Those wings are his tender promises. That rest is the peace of heaven.

"'Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

"'Oh that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

"'Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

"'Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.'"

CHAPTER LXXXI.

A LOVER, A HUSBAND, AND A FATHER.

As Mrs. Simcoe's voice died away Hope Wayne sat beside her with tears in her eyes. Never before had she known the depth and fervor of the soul beside her, and now they were shown only in the description of a sermon. Neither of them spoke. Mrs. Simcoe covered her face with her hands, and sat perfectly still. Hope would not interrupt the silence with a word.

"Hope, dear," the older woman presently said, "that day I found peace, and, Heaven knows, I had long wanted it, for my heart was broken."

She stopped.

"Aunty," said Hope, in a low, pleading voice, and taking her hand.

"Yes, Hope: it was the old story. Did you never suspect it?"

Suspect it? Hope Wayne suspect that her grandfather's silent housekeeper, her hymn-singing old nurse, had ever been in love? Yet, was this the more wonderful, or that the old nurse herself should feel that it was a perfectly natural and probable suspicion?

"No, aunty, never," answered Hope, with the utmost sincerity.

"It is true notwithstanding, dear. When I was twenty years old, living with my father, a poor farmer in the country, there came to pass the summer in the village, a gentleman, a good deal older than I. He was handsome, graceful, elegant, fascinating. I saw him at church, but he did not see me. Then I met him sometimes upon the road, idly sauntering along, swinging a little cane, and looking as if village life were fatiguing. He seemed at length to observe me. One day he bowed. I said nothing, but hurried on. When I was a little beyond him I turned my head. He also was turning and looking at me.

"Hope, darling, I was old enough to know why I turned. Yes, and so was he. How well I remember the peaceful western light that fell along the fields and touched the trees so kindly. Every thing was still. The birds dropped hurrying homeward notes, and the cows were coming in from the pasture. I was going after our cow, but I leaned a long time on the bars and looked at the new moon timidly showing herself in the west. Then I looked at my clumsy gown and thick shoes and large hands, and thought of the graceful, elegant man, who had not bowed to me insolently. I imagined that a gentleman used to city life must find our country ways tiresome. I pitied him, but what could I do?

"Once in the meadows I was following up the brook to find cardinal flowers. The brook wound through a little wood; and as I was passing, looking closely among the flags and pickerel-weed, I suddenly heard a voice close to me—'The lobelia blossoms are further on, Miss Jane.' I knew instantly who it was, and I was conscious of being more scarlet than the flowers I was seeking.

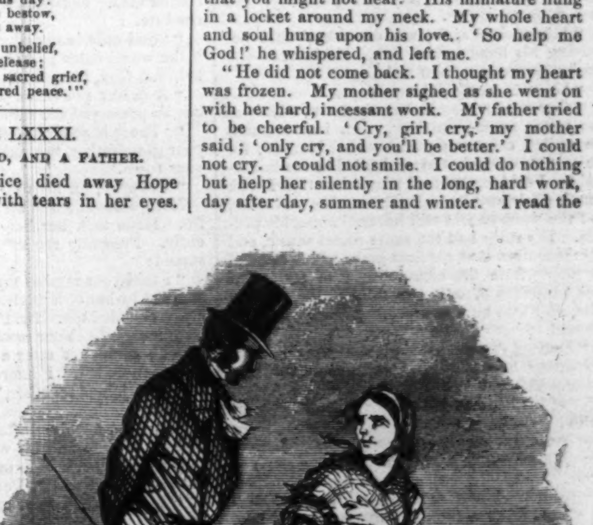
"Well, dear," said Mrs. Simcoe, after pausing for a few moments, "I can not repeat every detail. The time came when I was not afraid to speak to him—when I cared to speak to no one else—when I thought of him all day, and dreamed of him all night—when I wore the ribbons he praised, and the colors he loved, and the flowers he gave me; when he told me of the great life beyond the village, of lofty and beautiful women he had known, of wise men he had seen, of the foreign countries he had visited—when he twined my hair around his finger and said, 'Jane, I love you!'"

Her eyes were excited, and her voice was hurried, but inexpressibly sad. Hope sat by, and the tears flowed from her eyes.

"A long, long time. Yet it was only a few months—it was only a summer. He came in May and was gone again in November. But between his coming and going the roses in our garden blossomed and withered. So you see there was time enough. Time enough! Time enough! I was heavenly happy.

"One day he said that he must go. There was some frightful trouble in his eye. 'Will you come back?' I tremble to remember how sternly I asked it, and how cold and bloodless I felt. 'So help me God!' he answered, and left me. Left me! 'So help me God!' he murmured, as his tears fell upon my cheek and he kissed me. 'So help me God!'—and he left me. Not a word, not a look, not a sign had he given me to suppose that he would not return. Not a thought, not a wish had he breathed to me that you might not hear. His miniature hung in a locket around my neck. My whole heart and soul hung upon his love. 'So help me God!' he whispered, and left me.

"He did not come back. I thought my heart was frozen. My mother sighed as she went on with her hard, incessant work. My father tried to be cheerful. 'Cry, girl, cry,' my mother said; 'only cry, and you'll be better.' I could not cry. I could not smile. I could do nothing but help her silently in the long, hard work, day after day, summer and winter. I read the



COLONEL WAYNE'S FIRST LOVE.

books he had given me. I thought of the things he had said. I sat in my chamber when the floor was scrubbed, and the bread baked, and the dishes washed, and the flies buzzed in the hot, still kitchen. I can hear them now. And there I sat, looking out of my window, straining my eyes toward the horizon—sometimes sure that I heard him coming, clicking the gate, hurrying up the gravel, with his eager, handsome, melancholy face. I started up. My heart stood still. I was ready to fall upon his breast and say, 'I believe 'twas all right.' He did not come. 'So help me God!' he said, and did not come.

"My father brought me to New York to change the scene. But God had brought me here to change my heart. I heard one Sunday good old Bishop Asbury, and he began the work that Summerfield sealed. My parents presently died. They left nothing, and I was the only child. I did what I could, and at last I became your grandfather's housekeeper."

As her story proceeded Mrs. Simcoe looked more and more anxiously at Hope, whose eyes were fixed upon her incessantly. The older woman paused at this point, and taking Hope's face between her hands, smoothed her hair, and kissed her.

"Remember, darling," said she, "'That dove is his holy grace; those wings are his tender promises; that rest is the peace of his heaven.'"

"Yes, aunty, I remember," answered Hope.

"Your grandfather had a daughter Mary."

"My mother," said Hope, earnestly.

"Your mother, darling. She was as beautiful but as delicate as a flower. Your grandfather sent her in the ship of one of his friends to India, for the doctors said the long salt voyage would strengthen her. In India she staid several weeks, and met a young man of her own age, clerk in a house there. Of course they were soon engaged. But he was young, not yet in business, and she knew the severity of your grandfather and his ambition for her. At length the ship returned, and your mother returned in it. Scarcely was she at home a month than your grandfather told me that he had a connection in view for his daughter, and wanted me to prepare her to receive the addresses of a gentleman a good deal older than she, but of the best family, and in every way a desirable husband. He was himself getting old, he said, and it was necessary that his daughter should marry. Your mother loved me dearly, as I did her. Gentle soul, with her soft, dark, appealing eyes, with her flower-like fragility and womanly dependence. Ah me! it was hard that your grandfather should have been her parent.

"She was stunned when I told her. I thought her grief was only natural, and yet I was surprised at the sudden change in her. She faded before our eyes. We could not cheer her. But she made no effort to resist. She did not refuse to see her suitor. She did not say that she loved any one else. I think she had a mortal fear of her father, and, dear soul! she could not do any thing that required resolution.

"One day your grandfather said at dinner, 'To-morrow, Miss Mary, your new friend will be here.'

"To-morrow she rose like a spectre. The stranger arrived. Mary kept her room until dinner-time. Then we both went down to see the new-comer. He was in the library with your grandfather, and he was engaged in telling him some very amusing story when we came in, for your grandfather was laughing heartily. He rose upon seeing us.

"'Colonel Wayne, my daughter,' said he, waving his hand toward her. He bowed—she sank, spectre-like, into a chair.

"'Mrs. Simcoe, Colonel Wayne.'

"Our eyes met. It was my lover. He was too much amazed to bow. But in a moment he smiled courteously and seated himself; for he saw at once what place I filled in the household. I said nothing; I remember that I sank into a chair and looked at him. He was older, but the same charm still hovered about his person. His voice had the same secret music, and his movement that careless grace which seemed to spring from the consciousness of power. I was conscious of only two things—that I loved him, and that he was unworthy the love of any woman.

"During dinner he made two or three observations to me. But I bowed and said nothing. After a few days he made a formal offer of his hand to Mary Burt. Poor, willowy child! She knew not what to say, for she knew how resolved her father was. She trembled, hesitated, fluttered, delayed. 'You must; you shall!' were the terrible words she heard from her parent. She dreaded to tell the truth, lest he should force a summary marriage. In fine, Hope, you could resist, so could I—she could not. 'Only, dear father,' she said, 'I am so young. Let me not be married for a year.' Her father laughed and assented, and I think she instantly wrote to her lover in India.

"The world came driving out to congratulate. 'Such a reasonable connection!' every body said; 'a military man of fine old family. It is really delightful to have such a union sometimes take place, in which all the conditions are satisfactory.'

"All the time his miniature hung round my neck. Why? Because I did, in the bottom of my soul, still believe him. I had heard him say, 'So help me God!'

"He went away, and sometimes returned for a week. I was comforted by seeing that he did not love your mother, and by the confidence I had that she would not marry him. I was sure that something would happen to prevent.

"The year was coming round. One night your mother came into my room in her night-dress; her face was radiant, and she held a note in her hand. It was from her lover. He had thrown himself upon a ship when her letter reached him, and here he was. Full of generous ardor, he proposed to marry her privately at once; there was no other way he was sure.

"'Will you help us?' she said, after she had told me every thing.

"'But you are two such children,' I said.

"'Then you will not help. You will make me marry Colonel Wayne.'

"Hope, I tried to see the matter calmly. I sought the succor of God. I do not say that I did just what I should have done, but I helped them. The time was arranged when she was to go away. I was to accompany her, and she was to be married.

"He came. It was a June night; the moon was full. We went quietly along the avenue. The gate was opened. We were just passing through—your grandfather and Colonel Wayne stepped from the shadow of the wall and the trees.

"Your mother and her lover stood perfectly still. She gave a little cry. Your grandfather was furious.

"'Go, Sir!' he shrieked at the young man.

"'If your daughter commands it,' he replied.

"Your grandfather seized him involuntarily.

"'Sir, my daughter is the betrothed wife of Colonel Wayne.'

"The young man looked with an incredulous smile at your mother, who had sunk senseless into my arms, and said, in a low voice,

"'She was mine before she ever saw him.'

"Your grandfather actually hissed at him with contempt.

"'Go—before I strike you!'

"The young man hesitated for a few moments, saw that it was useless to remain longer at that time, and went.

"The next day Mr. Burt sent for Dr. Peewee.

"The moment I knew what he intended to do I ran to your grandfather and told him that Colonel Wayne was not a fit husband for his daughter. But when I told him that he had deserted me, Mr. Burt laughed scornfully.

"'You, Mrs. Simcoe? Why, you have lost your wits. Remember, Colonel Wayne is a gentleman of the oldest family, and you are—you were—'

"'I was a poor country girl,' said I, 'and Colonel Wayne loved me, and I loved him, and here is the pledge and proof of it.'

"I drew out his miniature as I spoke, and held it before your grandfather's eyes. He fairly staggered, and rang the bell violently.

"'Call Colonel Wayne,' he said, hastily, to the servant.

"In a moment the Colonel came in. I saw his color change as his eye fell upon me, holding the locket in my hand, and upon your grandfather's flushed face.

"'Colonel Wayne, have you ever seen Mrs. Simcoe before?'

"He was very pale, and there were sallow circles under his eyes as he spoke; but he said calmly,

"'Not to my knowledge.'

"Scorn made me icily calm.

"'Who gave me that, Sir?' said I, thrusting the miniature almost into his face.

"He took it in his hand and looked at it. I saw his lip work and his throat quiver with an involuntary spasm.

"'I am sure I do not know.'

"I was speechless. Your grandfather was confounded. Colonel Wayne looked white, but resolute.

"'God only is my witness,' said I, slowly, as if the words came gasping from my heart. 'So help me God, I loved him, and he loved me.'

"A quiver ran through his frame as I spoke, but he preserved the same placidity of face.

"'There is some mistake, Mrs. Simcoe,' said your grandfather, not unkindly, to me. 'Go to your room.'

"I obeyed, for my duty was done."

Mrs. Simcoe paused and rocked silently to and fro. Hope took her hand and kissed it reverently. Presently the narration was quietly resumed:

"I told your mother my story. But she was stunned by her own grief, and I do not think she comprehended me. Dr. Peewee came, and they were married. Your mother did not say yes—for she could not utter a word—but the ceremony proceeded. I heard the words, 'Whom God hath joined together,' and I laughed aloud, and fell fainting.

"It was a few days after the marriage, when Colonel Wayne and his wife were absent, that your grandfather said to me at the dinner-table, in the presence of Dr. Peewee,

"'Mrs. Simcoe, your story seems to be true. But think a moment. A man like Colonel Wayne must have had many experiences. We all do. He has been rash, and foolish, and thoughtless, I have no doubt. He may even have trifled with your feelings. I am very sorry. If he has done so, I think he ought to have acknowledged it, the other day. But I hope sincerely that we shall all let by-gones be by-gones, and live happily together. Dr. Peewee, will you ask a blessing?'"

It was already midnight, and the two women sat before the fire. It was the moment when Abel Newt was stealing through his rooms, fastening doors and windows. Hope Wayne was pale and cold like a statue, and through all the story that Mrs. Simcoe was telling her voice had a wailing tone pitiful to hear. After a long silence she began again:

"What ought I to have done? Should I have gone away? That was the easiest course. But, Hope, the way of duty is not often the easiest way. I wrote a long letter to the good old Bishop Asbury, who seemed to me like a father, and after a while his answer came. He told me that I should seek the Lord's leading, and if that bade me stay—if that told me that it would be for my soul's blessing that my heart should break daily—then I had better remain, seeing that the end is not here—that here we have no continuing city, and that our proud hearts must be bruised by grief, even as our Saviour's lowly forehead was pierced with thorns.

"So I staid. It was partly pity for your mother, who began to droop at once. It was partly that I might keep my wound bleeding for my soul's salvation; and partly—I see it now, but I could not then—because I believed, as before God I do now believe, that in his secret heart I was the woman your father loved, and I could not give him up.

"Your mother's lover wrote to me at once, I discovered afterward, but his letters were intercepted, for your grandfather was a shrewd, resolute man. Then he came to Pinewood, but he was not allowed to see your mother. The poor boy was frantic; but before he could effect any thing your mother was the wife of Colonel Wayne. Then, in the same ship in which he had come from India, he returned; and after he was gone all his letters were given to me. I wrote to him at once. I told him every thing about your mother, but there was not much to tell. She never mentioned his name after her marriage. There were gay parties given in honor of the wedding, and her delicate, drooping, phantom-like figure hung upon the arm of her handsome, elegant husband. People said that her maidenly shyness was beautiful to behold, and that she clung to her husband like the waving ivy to the oak.

"She did not cling long. She was just nineteen when she was married—she was not twenty when you were born—she was just twenty when they buried her. Oh! I did not think of myself only, but of her, when I heard the saintly youth breathe that plaintive prayer, 'Draw them to thee, for they wearily labor: they are heavily laden, gracious Father! oh, give them rest!'

"'No chilling winds or pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.'"

"And my father?" asked Hope, in a low voice.

"He went abroad for many years. Then he returned, and came sometimes to Pinewood. He was still the same fascinating man. I have never seen a man so much so. His life was irregular. I think he gambled, for he and your grandfather often had high words in the library about the money that he wanted. But your grandfather never allowed you to leave the place. He rarely spoke of your mother, but I think he often thought of her, and he gradually fell into the habit you remember. Yet he had the same ambition for you that he had had for your mother. He treated me always with stately politeness; but, darling, it was a dreary home for a young girl. Hope," said Mrs. Simcoe, after a short pause, "that is all—the end you yourself remember."

"Yes," replied Hope, in the same low, appalled tone, "my father went out upon the pond, one evening, with a friend to bathe, and was drowned. Mr. Gray's boys found him. My grandfather would not let me wear mourning for him. I wore a blue ribbon the day Dr. Peewee preached his funeral sermon; and I did not care to wear black. Aunty, I had seen him too little to love him like a father, you know."

She said it almost as if apologizing to Mrs. Simcoe, who merely bowed her head.

It was past midnight. It was the very moment when Abel Newt was starting with horror as he saw his own reflection in the glass.

Something yet remained to be said between those two women. Each knew it—neither dared to begin. But at length Mrs. Simcoe said, with inexpressible tenderness, recurring to her description of Summerfield,

"And you, young man, and you, young woman, sitting here to-day in the plenitude of youth, and hope, and love, remember your Creator in the days of your youth, for the dark day cometh—yea, it is at hand!"

She turned wistfully toward Hope, who was looking at her with a troubled, vague apprehension of some peculiar fitness to her condition in the words Mrs. Simcoe uttered. Hope Wayne closed her eyes with an inward prayer, and then said, calmly, but in the low voice,

"And, aunty, the young man?"

Mrs. Simcoe took her darling's face between her caressing hands. She smoothed the glistening golden hair, and kissed her upon the forehead.

"Dear, you are the daughter of the man who loved me, I truly believe, more than any other woman. You have known no other mother than me. You have learned that joy is not appointed for us below, but trial, and grace through suffering.

"'Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.'"

"Aunty, the young man?" said Hope, in the same tone.

"Was Lawrence Newt," answered Mrs. Simcoe.

—It was the moment when Abel sat at his desk, writing the name that Mrs. Simcoe had pronounced.

At first Hope Wayne felt every nerve in her frame relaxed—a mist clouded her eyes—she had a weary sense of happiness, for she thought she was dying. She had disbelieved what she had dreaded. She was perfectly sure it was coming, and yet the word shot out upon her like a tongue of lightning. The mist passed. She felt her cheeks glowing, and was preternaturally calm. Mrs. Simcoe sat beside her, weeping silently.

"Good-night, dearest aunty!" said Hope, as she rose and bent down to kiss her.

"My child!" said the older woman, in tones that trembled out of an aching heart.

Hope took her candle, and moved toward the door. As she went she heard Mrs. Simcoe repeating, in the old murmuring sunset strain,

"Those wings are his tender promises. That rest is the peace of heaven!"

LITERARY.

The Statesman's Manual; containing the Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States, inaugural, annual, and special, from 1789 to 1858; with a memoir of each of the Presidents, and a history of their administrations; also Treaties between the United States and foreign powers, Constitution of the United States, Presidents' proclamations, and other important documents and statistical information. Compiled by Edwin Williams and Benson J. Lossing. With steel portraits of the Presidents. Four volumes, 8vo. Edward Walker, New York.

The title of this very valuable work gives an accurate idea of its contents. It is, in fact, a succinct, faithful, and unbiased documentary history of our country; and, as such, is invaluable not only to statesmen and politicians, but to all who desire to understand thoroughly the course and policy of our Government, from its formation to the present time. As a book of reference for this purpose it has not its equal, because all the materials have been drawn from official sources, and every document is an accurate transcript from the original on file in the Department of State.

The work was first issued in one volume in 1839—twenty years ago. It was, until his death, under the editorship of Mr. Edwin Williams, well known in this country and in Europe as one of the most careful and competent of American statisticians. Since his death the publisher has engaged Benson J. Lossing, Esq., the well-known graphic historian of the Revolution, to continue it. It could not be placed in more able hands. Mr. Lossing, besides revising all the statistical tables and adding others, has inserted a valuable sketch of our diplomatic and consular systems; a very interesting account of the cost of the war for Independence; new and corrected abstracts of the State Constitutions; a full account of the public property of the United States; full and accurate transcripts of every treaty which has been made by this Government; and a great variety of other valuable and otherwise almost inaccessible information. To the whole is added—what we must consider one of the most valuable features of the book—a thorough and complete analytical index.

To the politician, the statesman, the lawyer, the gentleman of leisure—to every intelligent citizen interested in the political questions of the day—such a book is invaluable, and needs no farther commendation than the analysis of its contents which we have given.

J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, have in press, and will publish about the 1st of December, a book entitled Fairy Dreams; or, Wanderings in Elf Land, by Jane G. Austin, with illustrations by Hammatt Billings. It is printed on fine tinted paper, beautifully bound, and will be an elegant holiday gift for children.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE JOHN BROWN EXCITEMENT.

Governor Wise left Harper's Ferry, on 23d, for Richmond, after receiving a dispatch from Governor Packer, of Pennsylvania, tendering him the services of 10,000 men, and offering to station a guard along the dividing line between Pennsylvania and Maryland. Wise returned thanks for the offer, assuring Governor Packer that Virginia was able to protect her honor. After the departure of the Governor, Colonel Elliott addressed the military, telling them that it was possible they might have to undergo arduous and perilous duties, and that he felt satisfied that, should the venerable Commonwealth be invaded, they would effectually wipe out the stain.

Last night, at nine o'clock, an alarm was given by one of the sentinels firing his rifle. Military orders were sounded from one end of the town to the other, and caused very great panic among women and children, and some men, whose nervous systems have become much disordered by late events. Shutters were closed and lights extinguished in quick time. The excitement continued until ten o'clock, when it was ascertained that the sentinel had mistaken a cow for a man; that he challenged her, she wouldn't halt, and he fired.

At three o'clock this morning another alarm was occasioned by the report of three guns. A sentinel came rushing in, and reported having hailed three men, who, instead of halting, fired at him. Scouts were sent out, but no men could be found, and the town was in an uproar for the balance of the night. The fact is, that the soldiers regard it as a frolic, and it is believed that some of them were under the influence of whisky, and were playing pranks on their comrades. All has been quiet to-day.

Governor Wise also received a dispatch from the Governor of South Carolina, tendering any amount of military aid in defense of Virginia. Wise replied, thanking him for the offer, but assuring the Governor that Virginia was able to defend herself.

The meeting in Tremont Temple, on November 22d, realized four hundred dollars for John Brown's family, after paying expenses.

A VISIT TO BROWN IN PRISON.

A newspaper correspondent writes: "Last night, through the courtesy of Captain Avis, the jailer, I was allowed an interview with Old Brown. I was received very kindly by him, and in a few minutes the subject of slavery was introduced, upon which he spoke with the greatest pleasure. He thinks Virginians a generous people, but abhors the institution of slavery; says he made the blunder in holding the engine-house instead of the bridge; says he could have fortified each end of the bridge with his small number of men, and would have given our troops a good deal of trouble before they would have surrendered. For this great blunder he says he ought to be hanged. He informed me that he had yesterday sold a Sharp's rifle to Mr. Henry Clay Ward, of Alexandria. He also says he has a very high opinion of Governor Wise, his bravery and chivalrous character, but thinks he would rather deal with Captain Henry Clay Pate, of Kansas renown, than the Governor. I then questioned him in regard to his opinion on the subject of amalgamation, when he responded that although he was opposed to it, yet he would much prefer a son or a daughter of his to marry an industrious and honest negro than an indolent and dishonest white man. He

also says he is perfectly resigned to his fate, and is unconscious of having committed any crime."

MEXICAN OUTRAGES IN TEXAS.

From Texas we learn that the Legislature has authorized the Governor to call out all the troops necessary for the protection of the frontier. Captain Ford had been appointed commander of the troops, and had started out after Cortinas. The Brownsville affair had caused great excitement, and volunteers were rapidly organizing. Deputy-Sheriff Campbell had been released by Cortinas. Brownsville, on the 19th, was still closely besieged.

WRECK OF THE "INDIAN."

The screw steamship *Indian*, belonging to the Liverpool and Canadian Steamship Company, which sailed from Liverpool on the 9th ultimo for Portland, Maine, got on the rocks of Mary Joseph, off Guysboro', Nova Scotia, at five o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 21st ultimo, and is a total wreck. She parted amidships.

She had but 38 passengers aboard, and her crew numbered 100 men. A boat was capsized, and several persons drowned. Twenty-four persons had been rescued by the schooner *Alexander*, and taken to Halifax. The number lost is not known.

The *Indian* was a first-class iron propeller of one thousand seven hundred and sixty-four tons burden. She was built in Dumbarton, Scotland, in the year 1855, and enjoyed a very good reputation for speed and safety. She was two hundred and eighty-three feet long, and fitted with five water-tight bulkhead compartments. Her engine was a vertical direct one, with two cylinders of sixty-two inches in diameter and a three and a half feet stroke.

THANKSGIVING IN THE CITY.

The *Times* says: "Our community, which it might be malicious to say is willing enough to suspend business operations when each individual is sure that his fellow will not anticipate him in achieving a bargain, paid all observance to Thanksgiving Day. The stores, excepting those which are chronically open, closed their doors and put up their shutters; those of the people who find no other opportunity of enjoying themselves, breathed the cool, bracing air in the streets, while multitudes went to hear their favorite preachers descant on topics forbidden them at other seasons. In the morning the leading churches were open for public service. Of the sermons delivered we reproduce in full in our present impression those bearing more particularly on subjects of current interest, while a large number of others are presented more curtly, though not with the omission of the more striking points.

"The festival was not, of course, without its charitable aspects. The children at the Five Points House of Industry, and also at the Ladies' Home Mission School, were treated to their customary Thanksgiving dinner yesterday. Donations of food and other articles supplied broad tables, at which over one thousand children, and the parents of many of them, were fed. About five hundred dollars in cash were received. The news-boys also had their dinner at the Lodging-house, enjoying it amazingly. At the Home of the Friendless there were fifteen hundred visitors during the day, and about four hundred dollars in money were left for the benefit of the institution. The exercises at both places were of an interesting character."

SHOOTING AFFRAY AT NASHVILLE.

Particulars of the affray in Nashville, in which Mr. Poindexter, editor of the *Union and American*, was shot by Mr. Allen A. Hall of the *News*, are given by the Nashville *Banner*. The difficulty originated, as has already been stated, in a political controversy, during which Mr. Poindexter sought to fasten upon Mr. Hall the charge of being ready to unite with the Republican party. These insinuations Mr. Hall repelled with much emphasis, characterizing their author as "unscrupulous," and as guilty of "disreputable practices." Mr. Poindexter replied in the same manner, and an altercation finally ensued between a son of Mr. Hall and Mr. Poindexter, which resulted in nothing more serious than blows. While a correspondence was pending between the principals in the affair, a card was inserted in the *News*, which so excited Mr. Poindexter that he called at the office of the paper, with the evident intent of assaulting Mr. Hall. That gentleman did not happen to be in at first, but, being warned of Mr. Poindexter's approach, when about to call the third time, he advanced into the street, and, as he approached, ordered him to stop. Suspecting that Mr. Poindexter was about to draw a weapon, Mr. Hall leveled a double-barreled shot-gun at his antagonist and fired. Mr. Poindexter fell, and in a few moments expired, without uttering a word. A coroner's jury rendered a verdict which warranted the authorities in holding Mr. Hall for trial in $5000 bonds, which were immediately furnished.

ANOTHER DIAMOND WEDDING.

The New Haven *Journal* of the 18th says: "The 'Boston Belle' and the young millionaire of New York, whose marriage has been the subject of considerable furore in the fashionable circles of the two cities, and which took place on Wednesday at 12 o'clock M., the parties leaving immediately for the metropolis, passed through this city on the last express. The fact that the prettiest woman of Boston was on board the train, naturally led to some speculation among the passengers, and the conductor was necessarily obliged to answer many inquiries respecting the couple which excited so much interest. A gentleman of acknowledged taste from this city, upon seeing this celebrated 'Maid of Athens,' was heard to say, 'I meet a half dozen every day in Chapel Street as pretty as she, but they are *not millionaires*.' It is perhaps necessary to add that she was literally covered with diamonds."

THE LAST NEW THING.

We read in the Philadelphia *Press*: "The *very* latest novelty in fashion, we mean in feminine dress-captivation, is reported to have been philosophically observed, if not first discovered, on the south or sunny side of Chestnut Street, on Saturday afternoon. A lady, very handsomely attired, and with a face and figure to match, was observed on that well-frequented promenade. On the little finger of her left hand she daintily wore, over her primrose-tinted Jouvin, a handsome diamond ring—the brilliant set in blue enamel, which showed it off very prettily. To the under part of this ring was attached a Venetian chain of the purest gold, terminating in another ring, set all around with jewels of diverse quality, hue, and lustre. Through this a delicate kerchief of lace, with the exception of about two square inches in the centre—just enough to swear by, as the saying is—was passed, and the whole was pendent from the minor digital aforementioned, and really had a pretty effect. The design was to provide a new way of carrying the *mouchoir*, which would leave the hand disengaged, and yet display the beauty of the lace or embroidery. It was decidedly successful, and one of the neatest exhibitions of the season. What it might appear when made by a less *distingué* person, we do not pretend to guess. We record what we saw."

PERSONAL.

Judge H. P. Haun, of Marysville, has been appointed by Governor Weller United States Senator, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Broderick. The Marysville *Democrat* says that Judge Haun will start for Washington in the steamer of the 5th of November.

We read in the *Tribune*: "It gives us great pleasure to announce the return of the Hon. Charles Sumner from Europe, who arrived yesterday at Boston by the *Canada*. He comes back ready to take his seat in the Senate, and to resume the duties and responsibilities of that office. His health, as we learn from his own lips, he considers as completely re-established. He feels in full possession of his natural physical vigor, and that the exercise of his brain is no longer forbidden or limited by the heavy trammels of a diseased and suffering body. Several of Mr. Sumner's personal and political friends met him, on the arrival of the *Canada* at her wharf, with a hearty welcome."

Governor Seward was presented in Alexandria with three superb Arabian horses, which will be shipped to this country. Two of them will be presented to the New York State Agricultural Society.

The last overland mail brings intelligence of the death of the celebrated pioneer and explorer, Christopher Carson, at Taos, New Mexico, where he had been residing as Indian Agent. Carson was a native of Kentucky, having been born in Madison County in 1809. His father shortly after that period removed to Missouri, where Kit, when a lad of fifteen, was apprenticed to a saddler—occupying himself at that business two years, at the end of which he joined a trapping expedition; and a trapper he remained until his familiarity with the great far West rendered him invaluable as a guide to explorers of the Plains. For eight years he acted as hunter at Bent's Fort. When Colonel Frémont engaged in his expedition Carson accompanied him, and was ever after his steadfast companion. In 1847 he received the rank of Lieutenant in the Rifle Corps, United States Army. His latest and most remarkable exploit on the Plains was enacted in 1853, when he conducted a drove of 6000 sheep safely to California.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says that Lola Montez is living very quietly up town, and doesn't have much to do with the world's people. Some of her old friends, the Bohemians, now and then drop in to have a little chat with her, and though she talks beautifully of her present feelings and way of life, she generally, by way of parenthesis, takes out her little tobacco-pouch and makes a cigarette or two for self and friend, and then falls back upon old times with decided gusto and effect. But she doesn't tell any body what she's going to do.

A Sunday contemporary talks about some forthcoming "Liliputian nuptials," and thus reveals itself: "General Thomas Thumb, who, although barely knee-high to a grasshopper, made a very tall fortune for P. T. Barnum and a snug one for himself, is about to unite himself in the bands of holy wedlock with a lady of youth and beauty. The authorities differ about her height, and it is variously stated as three feet six and six feet three."

The Warrentown *Flag* contains an account of the death, on last Thursday week, of a little girl of eight years, daughter of Mr. Traverse Gough. In the absence of all older than herself, her clothing took fire. She first tried to suppress the flames herself; then she asked her little sister of four years to throw water on her; but the little one ran, instead, to call the neighbors. When they came they found her lying out in the yard, and, in reply to the question, "What she was doing there?" she said she thought if she staid in the house that the house would catch fire and burn the baby up too. "God bless the darling!" every mother will say. She retained her faculties to the last, conversed freely, and bore her sufferings with a degree of fortitude remarkable for one of her age.

The Mobile *Mercury* of the 19th says: "Ex-President Fillmore has written to Madame Le Vert of his expectation of coming southward the coming winter, in which event it is his intention to pay her a visit at her home in Mobile."

Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, who recently returned to the United States, has refused the dignity of Senator of France, offered to him by his father, Prince Jerome, in order to induce him to remain in France. Mr. Bonaparte preferred the simple title of American citizen to that of Senator of France. After the efforts made by the American branch of the Bonapartes to obtain recognition as legitimate members of the Imperial family, the news of this refusal will create some surprise.

Hon. Anson Burlingame arrived in Boston on the 18th ultimo, much improved in health, from his late Kansas and buffalo-hunting tour.

A correspondent of the Washington *Star*, writing from San Juan, Nicaragua, says that Professor Dimitry, the United States Minister, had hired a residence in the same place, and was very popular, and that a friendly rivalry between his daughter, Miss Dimitry, and Miss Ouseley, had ended in favor of the American belle.

At Burlington, Vermont, a few days ago, Miss Fanny Howard, daughter of Daniel Howard, Esq., formerly keeper of the Howard Hotel, New York, was married to Theo. S. Evans, Esq., an American resident of Paris, where he is known as dentist-in-chief to his Imperial Highness the Emperor Napoleon.

Soulouque, the ex-Emperor of Hayti, is staying at Kingston, but is in great trouble. His Minister, Dessalinas, has created a domestic trouble by his attentions to Soulouque's sister-in-law, and the ex-Emperor's temper is further soured by his defeats at the billiard-table. When in Hayti his courtiers always allowed him to gain the game; but in Jamaica the players are not so respectful.

Cortinas has been under indictment in Brownsville for murder for the last eight years, and at the last term of the Court several indictments were found against him for horse-stealing. Much had been said about arresting him, and hence his anxiety to put the civil authority out of existence. Since his attack of the 29th of September he has had the audacity to propose that, as a consideration for his retiring, the authorities should pledge themselves to dismiss all indictments against him, and that in future no prosecution should be instituted against him or his men.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" AT SOUTHAMPTON.

The great ship arrived at Southampton on the 3d ult. In regard to the motives which led to the selection of that port for her completion, and to the future disposition of the vessel, the following letter from the Chairman of the Board of Managers affords information:

"The reports circulated as to the reasons leading to the adoption of Southampton as the port of completion are equally without foundation; as the energies of the Board from April to August were devoted to the completion of the ship in time for the American season, and but for the unfortunate accident (over which the Directors had no control) the ship would have been in America in September, leaving for after-completion that which could have been temporarily dispensed with. The delay consequent on making good the damage by the accident deranged our plans, and two courses remained open for our adoption. The first was, to go to America, realize little by the voyage out, and find when we arrived there that disappointment to the people of America and ourselves would have been the only result of visiting them at a time when they could not visit us. The next course was, to turn to account this time, the finishing of the vessel, and utilize in a central position, the time so occupied by gratifying the interest taken in the vessel by our countrymen.

"This done, an early opportunity would be afforded the Directors of further testing the vessel's sea qualities by a trip to the warm climate of the Mediterranean, which would insure passengers, and prepare the public mind for that complete confidence necessary to obtain all the passengers and goods essential to her complete success on whatever voyage she might be sent; preparing her also, at the same time, for Government employ, if so desired, and leaving the American trip to the more seasonable period of the year, for the most complete realization of their and our wishes.

"The determination of a final and fixed port of departure will entirely depend upon the respective merits of the ports of this country adapted by position and safety, natural advantages, and trade facilities for the vessel; but this much you may depend upon—that so long as I have any thing to do with the management of the affairs of the Company no port will be adopted but that which secures to the ship the best of the most favored ports.

"Yours obediently,

"R. J. R. Campbell, *Chairman.*

"Great Ship Company, Limited, London, *Nov. 2, 1859.*"

FRANCE.

THE TREATIES OF PEACE SIGNED AT LAST.

The three treaties were finally signed at Zurich on the 10th, and the plenipotentiaries would all leave on the 12th. It was said that Austria had consented to take 102,000,000 francs from France, instead of the 104,000,000, previously demanded.

NEW STYLE OF LADIES' DRESS.

We read in the *Tribune*: "We did not give all the news of the banishment of crinoline by the Empress Eugénie. It is now our joyful duty to add that, at the request of Her Majesty, which at Court amounts to a command, for promenades in ordinary toilets, *mousseline de laine* has been adopted. All dresses will be of this material, but not long and trailing. They are to be short, so as to show the lower part of the leg a little."

WILL THERE BE A EUROPEAN CONGRESS?

The *Moniteur*, in announcing the signature of the treaties, says that France and Austria agree to promote the meeting of a Congress.

Sir G. C. Lewis, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, said that no formal proposition had yet been made to England for a Congress; when one should be received, Ministers would deliberate on its acceptance, on the understanding that the Italians are not to be coerced.

A Berlin dispatch of the 8th says it was reported there, on reliable authority, that at the interview held at Breslau the Emperor of Russia and the Prince Regent of Prussia determined not to consent to a revision of the treaties of 1815, nor to take part in any Congress in which England would not be represented—the last resolution being proposed by Prussia.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR WITH CHINA.

Preparations in France for the Chinese expedition continue with great activity. One authority says that 8000 men will probably take their departure during the last fortnight in December. It is understood that the French and English Governments, which for a moment differed in opinion as to the scale of the joint expedition to China, are now in complete accord, and that the general military basis of their co-operation has been agreed upon.

A European force, larger than any that has yet been seen in China, and equal to any service that may be required of it, will appear in the Pei-ho in the spring.

Two war steamers and four gun-boats had left England for China.

HEALTH OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

The *Herald* Paris correspondent writes: "The Emperor, Empress, Prince Imperial, and the persons invited to Compeigne, left Paris at two o'clock yesterday for that favorite sojourn of their Majesties. The Empress, who wore an air of lassitude after the late campaign and before her departure for St. Sauveur and Biarritz, is now as fair and rosy as ever. In fact, it is said that her Majesty is in better health than she has been for years. The Emperor is quite well and stout; he goes shooting twice a week, and rides or drives each day. This exercise keeps down all evidence of the famed spinal disease that, according to so many Paris correspondents, was in the habit of keeping him at death's door. I dare say your readers will remember how frequent and lugubrious were the prophecies indulged in as to the Emperor's sudden demise, all to be occasioned by this spinal disease. Just to spite these croakers his Majesty keeps up against its encroachments, and, to the amazement of the correspondents I refer to, he manages to thrive and keep getting stouter during the struggle. They will no doubt come to the conclusion that it is the song of the dying swan prolonged out of measure. The inmates of the Palace at Compeigne will find it magnificently arranged; all kinds of improvements have been going on there during the summer, and it is now one of the finest of the chateaus belonging to the imperial domain. The forest of Pierrefonds has been beautifully laid out in walks and drives, while near the grand old castle the grounds are laid out as *jardins Anglais*. The magnificent pile has now resumed all its ancient splendor. The Emperor has caused the gaps in the walls and ramparts to be filled, and some corrosive has been put upon the new stones, giving them the same time-worn air that the castle bears. Your readers will remember that Richelieu caused the walls of Pierrefonds to be cut open down to the ground, and a royal edict forbade their being rebuilt. The wily Minister wished to humble and weaken the powerful lords of Pierrefonds."

THE DUCHESS OF MALAKOFF IN TROUBLE.

He adds: "The Duke of Malakoff has returned to Paris from his Spanish tour. It was generally announced by the Paris correspondents of the London papers that the Duke's voyage to Spain was for a political purpose. This is a mistake; the father of the young Duchess died a short time since, and the Marshal went to Madrid to attend to the settlement of the estate, as well as to visit the relatives of his young wife. The Duke has lately been appointed High Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, and now occupies the fine palace on the left bank of the Seine, the usual residence of that functionary. A few evenings since I saw the Duke and Duchess in one of our most frequented *salons*. I observed that the young lady looked care-worn; lines were perceptible in her countenance, which was, when I first saw her, a twelvemonth since, fair and smooth. The period I refer to was August, 1858, during the Emperor's tour through Brittany. Mlle. Paniega (now the Duchess de Malakoff) was universally admired at the balls that occurred during the trip I refer to. She was lively and animated, and most beautiful. Now all is changed. As she moved listlessly around the spacious rooms, I wondered whether she regretted her barter of youth and beauty for a ducal coronet.

You are aware that the Duke is more than twice her age. I have heard it asserted that the old marshal is rough and somewhat brutal in his manner to his young wife, and I fear that the high-toned, delicate woman is wearing away in the struggle she has brought upon herself. *Les mariages de convenance* are frequent in France; I fear that the young Duchess de Malakoff is another victim to a bad custom. One sees in the Paris *salons* or ball-rooms fair young creatures clinging to the arms of men who are old enough to be father, and in many instances grandfather, to the well-dressed, bejeweled beauties, and a pang of real pain is felt when one learns that the persons in question are man and wife."

THE ENLARGEMENT OF PARIS.

He also says:

"Great preparations are being made for the enlargement of Paris, which is to take place on the first of January, when the city is to be extended to the fortifications, adding to it eight new arrondissements, and a population of 351,000 people, who now live in the *Banlieue*, between the old barrier wall and the fortifications. Already the new bureaus *l'octroi*, where the tax-gatherers levy a duty upon every egg, chicken, bottle of wine, or other eatable or drinkable which comes into Paris, are being erected, and on the first of January the population, composed almost entirely of the laboring classes, who have lived outside the barriers for the purpose of avoiding the payment of this municipal tax, will be required to pay their share of it toward the sustenance of the city government, or remove still farther beyond the city limits. There was considerable feeling among the working people who inhabit this district when the plan of extension was first proposed, but it has all quieted down now, and there is no apprehension of any disturbance. Such a work, however, could not have been carried out during any of the reigns between that of the First and the Third Napoleons without a small revolution. The restuarant keepers in the newly added district will be seriously affected by the change, as they, having to pay no municipal duty upon wine and provisions, can now furnish meals at about twenty-five per cent. less than those inside the barrier wall, and are consequently patronized extensively, thousands of people even who live in the city going daily beyond the barrier to eat. Some of these establishments are immense. Two of them—the wine-shop of the Petit Ramponeau, at the Barriere Montmartre, and the Restuarant Richefeu, at the Barriere Mont Parnasse—furnish food and drink daily, it is said, to more than twenty-five thousand people. The latter is a magnificent building, five stories high, each floor of which is an immense dining-room, in which a thousand persons may be seated and fed at the same time. Here, dinners may be had at a remarkably cheap rate—in fact, for any thing between five sous and a franc, a deduction of one sou being made on each plate if the eater carries it to the counter to be filled, instead of being waited on by a *garçon*, and an addition of one sou to the bills of those who indulge in the luxury of a napkin. From ten to twenty thousand persons dine at this establishment daily, and so profitable is it considered, that a short time since the 'good-will' of the concern was sold for no less a sum than 300,000 francs."

A QUEER LETTER TO THE EMPEROR.

Bullin's lithographic sheet (Paris) gives the following curious letter as having been addressed to the Emperor Napoleon. It was detained at the Office for Examining Petitions to his Majesty:

"Sire,—Being the possessor of a small property in the Beaujoles, favored by a good soil for wine and turnips, and on Wednesday, two days before Christmas, my wife having made us a soup of these turnips, I found the taste so exquisite and so sweet that the idea of our dear Emperor instantly occurred to me, and I said to my wife and my two sons, 'Their Majesties have not, perhaps, a better soup.' Then a happy inspiration passed through the mind of my eldest son, and he said, 'Father, you ought to send a cask to their Majesties.' Sire, we are giving effect to the idea. May the vegetables be agreeable to you, and we shall esteem ourselves so fortunate to have procured you that trifling pleasure. (We have more of them still.) I am, with the most profound respect, Sire, your very humble and very devoted subject,

"P. Bolmont, Koissav (Ain)."

This letter was followed by a second, in which P. Bolmont prayed that his eldest son (he who had conceived such an excellent idea) might be exempted from military service. It is not stated whether his Majesty has approved the soup or exempted the son.

ITALY.

PRINCE CARIGNAN ELECTED REGENT OF ITALY.

The Assemblies of the revolutionized states of Central Italy, including Tuscany, have all been convened, and have conferred the regency on the Prince of Carignan.

The King of Sardinia, under pressure from France, refuses to grant Carignan permission to accept the Regency.

WHAT VICTOR EMANUEL SAYS TO THE EMPEROR.

The substance of the reply of King Victor Emanuel to the Emperor's letter is reported to be to this effect: That if the Emperor of the French is bound by the convention of Villafranca, the King of Sardinia is also bound by the wishes of his people.

A NEW RELIGION IN PIEDMONT.

A correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* says:

"There has been something said of the probability that the Pope will launch a bull of interdiction against the King of Piedmont. Some of his counselors, perhaps, would not hesitate to adopt that extreme measure, because they do not see all the consequences that might follow. If the Holy See should issue an interdict, the general belief at Turin is that the King would accept the struggle, and decide on embracing another religion, advising the people to follow his example. In the present state of public excitement it is certain that part of the inhabitants of Piedmont and the other provinces would follow their sovereign in that line of conduct. It is even asserted that Victor Emanuel has indirectly apprised the Pope of his intentions, throwing on him all the responsibility of what might occur.

THE JEWS AT LEGHORN.

In Leghorn, on the 7th ultimo, a remarkable scene took place. For the first time, the Jews of that city offered up a prayer for a Christian Prince, and invoked the blessing of Heaven upon Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia. The prayer was recited by Signor Roberto Funaro. At the first word, the 3000 Jews present, with the exception of a few old men, rose to their feet, and remained standing until the close of the prayer, to which they all responded with an overwhelming "Amen!"

SPAIN.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

There is a vague report that a mutiny has broken out among the Spanish troops collected at Algesiras, but it lacks confirmation.

An official decree appoints General O'Donnell commander-in-chief of the expedition to Morocco; and a Madrid dispatch of the 7th says that he would positively leave there that evening, and that offensive operations would commence immediately.

It is stated that a Moorish gun-boat was captured by a Spanish steamer at the mouth of the River Tetuan, after a sharp engagement.

CANADA.

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE OPENED.

The first train, consisting of engine and a single car, having on board about fifty persons, ran over the Victoria bridge at Montreal on 24th. The time occupied in the passage was about twelve and a half minutes. Among the passengers were Messrs. Cartier, A. M. Ross, chief engineer of the bridge, Mr. Blackwell, managing director, and several other directors of the Grand Trunk Railroad. Two of the tubes are not quite finished, but the bridge is expected to be fully completed and thrown open to the public and for traffic by the middle of December.

AFRICA.

LETTER FROM LIVINGSTONE.

The following highly interesting letter from the celebrated African explorer was received by Sir George Grey on the morning of his departure from the Cape for England:

"River Shire, *June* 1, 1859.

"My Dear Sir George,—We have lately discovered a very fine lake by getting up this river in the steam launch about 100 miles, and then marching some fifty more on foot. It is called Shirwa, and Lake Ngami is a mere pond in comparison. It is, moreover, particularly interesting from the fact reported by the natives on its shores, that it is separated by a strip of land only five or six miles in width from Nyanja, or Lake N'yinyeze—the stars—which Burton has gone to explore. We could hear nothing of his party at Shirwa, and having got no European news since you kindly sent me some copies of the *Times* last year, we are quite in the dark as to whether he has succeeded or not. Lake Shirwa has no outlet, and its waters are bitter, but drinkable. It abounds in fishes, leeches, alligators, and hippopotami. We discovered, also, by examining partially a branch of the Shire, called Ruo, that one portion of Shirwa is not more than 30 miles distant from a point that may easily be reached by this launch, which by newspaper measurement draws thirteen inches, and actually thirty-one inches. Lake Shirwa is very grand. It is surrounded on all sides by lofty green mountains. Dzomba—or, as the people nearest it say, Zomba—is over 6000 feet high, of the same shape as Table Mountain, but inhabited on the top; others are equally high, but inaccessible. It is a high land region, the lake itself being about 2000 feet above the sea. It is 20 or 30 miles wide, and 50 or 60 long.

A NEW RACE OF AFRICANS.

"Dr. Kirk and I, with fifteen Makololo, formed the land party. The country is well peopled and very much like Loando. In the middle of the country many streams rise out of bogs: the vegetation is nearly identical also. Never saw so much cotton grown as among the Manganjo of the Shire and Shirwa valleys—all spin and weave it. These are the latitudes which I have always pointed out as the sugar and cotton lands. They are pre-eminently so; but such is the disinterestedness of some people, that labor is exported to Bourbon instead of being employed here. The only trade the people have is that of slaves; and the only symptoms of impudence we met were from a party of Bajana slave-traders; but they changed their deportment instantly on hearing that we were English, and not Portuguese. There are no Maravi at or near Shirwa—they are all west of the Shire—so that this lake can scarcely be called Lake Maravi. The Portuguese know nothing of it; but the minister who claimed (blue book for 1857) the honor of first traversing the African continent for two black men with Portuguese names, must explain why they did not cross Sheriva. It lies some 40 or 50 miles on each side of the latitude of Mozambique. David Livingstone."

LOSS OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER" ON THE COAST OF ENGLAND, OCTOBER 25, 1859.

THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

WE gave in our last number a full account of this terrible shipwreck—the most appalling that has occurred since the burning of the *Austria*. We now present, on the preceding page, an engraving of the scene from sketches made in England. We may add to the full narrative we published last week, the following extracts from the statements of the passengers.

James Dean says:

"He was in bed in a berth with four other passengers when the ship struck, and he was aroused by one of his fellows exclaiming, 'I think we're lost!' He dressed himself, and after a few minutes' prayer ascended on deck, where he had not been more than a very brief period when the vessel parted in the centre 'like the snapping of a tobacco stump.' The people on board stood petrified, as it were, seemingly unable to make the slightest struggle for their lives, while their terror was increased by the awful scenes presented as unfortunate creatures fell and were crushed to atoms in the chasm separating the two parts of the ship. He never for a moment lost his presence of mind. He saw that most of those in the water struggled toward the large pieces of the wreck, and he saw also that most of those who trusted to these heavy portions of the vessel were crushed to death, and their bodies dreadfully mutilated against the rocks. Though totally unable to swim, he jumped overboard, and just seized a box he saw floating near him. Almost at the very moment he seized this a hand was thrust under his arm, and a second claimant appeared. Dean said it would not support both of them; so as soon as possible he left the box for another piece of wood, and with this he was thrown upon the shore. He left his support and tried to gain a position of security, but ere he could do so a wave overpowered him and carried him back to sea, where he became entangled in the floating remnants of the vessel, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he extricated himself. When he had succeeded in this he was again thrown on shore. While momentarily expecting the arrival of another wave a rope was thrown to him, and by it he was finally drawn out of danger, without experiencing any injuries or bruises other than of a very trifling description. He soon recovered strength, and was able to leave for Wigan on Friday morning."

Mr. Carew Taylor says:

"I was in bed when I heard Captain Withers addressing somebody. 'Come directly; I shall take your child.' There was some answer to that, but I don't know what. He said she had struck, or something to that effect; that was about half past two o'clock in the morning. I jumped out of bed, and looked at the saloon, when, seeing somebody there, I put my coat, trowsers, and great-coat on, and went up. Believe that person to be Mrs. Woodruff. I then heard the ship giving tremendous jerks or concussions, when I felt that she was aground. Gentlemen and ladies were in the greatest consternation, praying, etc. The Rev. Mr. Hodge stood praying extemporaneously. I then went to the end of the saloon to look for my child and nurse. I found the lobby of the saloon crammed with people, so that no chance remained to get out, and it was impossible to find the nurse and my child. I eventually found them, and the thumping of the vessel went on in quicker succession and violence than before. Water began to come in, so that I was perfectly wet through hours before I was saved. I saw the ship divided in half, and saw Captain Taylor on deck, lying there with a log of wood tied to him. I said to him, 'Oh, Captain Taylor, what a fearful scene this is!' He did not reply to me. Another wave came over, when I took off my coat and jumped overboard. I got on a piece of wood, to which I saw another man clinging. After that I got a piece of board, from which I was washed twice, and at last somebody took hold of my fingers when near the shore. Three men assisted me when on shore, and the people paid me every possible attention. I think it was Robert Lewis who put me in his own bed and treated me with the greatest kindness. My little daughter and nurse were lost. The ship was thumping on the rocks for hours before she went to pieces."

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, purchased direct from the Author.]

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE—*Continued.*

IV.

"SHE has escaped from my asylum."

I can not say with truth that the terrible inference which those words suggested flashed upon me like a new revelation. Some of the strange questions put to me by the woman in white, after my ill-considered promise to leave her free to act as she pleased, had suggested the conclusion, either that she was naturally flighty and unsettled, or that some recent shock of terror had disturbed the balance of her faculties. But the idea of absolute insanity which we all associate with the very name of an Asylum, had, I can honestly declare, never occurred to me, in connection with her. I had seen nothing, in her language or her actions, to justify it at the time; and, even with the new light thrown on her by the words which the stranger had addressed to the policeman, I could see nothing to justify it now.

What had I done? Assisted the victim of the most horrible of all false imprisonments to escape; or cast loose on the wide world of London an unfortunate creature whose actions it was my duty, and every man's duty, mercifully to control? I turned sick at heart when the question occurred to me, and when I felt self-reproachfully that it was asked too late.

In the disturbed state of my mind, it was useless to think of going to bed, when I at last got back to my chambers in Clement's Inn. Before many hours elapsed it would be necessary to start on my journey to Cumberland. I sat down and tried, first to sketch, then to read—but the woman in white got between me and my pencil, between me and my book. Had the forlorn creature come to any harm? That was my first thought, though I shrank selfishly from confronting it. Other thoughts followed, on which it was less harrowing to dwell. Where had she stopped the cab? What had become of her now? Had she been traced and captured by the men in the chaise? Or was she still capable of controlling her own actions; and were we two following our widely-parted roads toward one point in the mysterious future, at which we were to meet once more?

It was a relief when the hour came to lock my door, to bid farewell to London pursuits, London pupils, and London friends, and to be in movement again toward new interests and a new life. Even the bustle and confusion at the railway terminus, so wearisome and bewildering at other times, roused me and did me good.

My traveling instructions directed me to go to Carlisle, and then to diverge by a branch railway which ran in the direction of the coast. As a misfortune to begin with, our engine broke down between Lancaster and Carlisle. The delay occasioned by this accident caused me to be too late for the branch train, by which I was to have gone on immediately. I had to wait some hours; and when a later train finally deposited me at the nearest station to Limmeridge House, it was past ten, and the night was so dark that I could hardly see my way to the pony-chaise which Mr. Fairlie had ordered to be in waiting for me.

The driver was evidently discomposed by the lateness of my arrival. He was in that state of highly-respectful sulkiness which is peculiar to English servants. We drove away slowly through the darkness in perfect silence. The roads were bad, and the dense obscurity of the night increased the difficulty of getting over the ground quickly. It was, by my watch, nearly an hour and a half from the time of our leaving the station before I heard the sound of the sea in the distance, and the crunch of our wheels on a smooth gravel drive. We had passed one gate before entering the drive, and we passed another before we drew up at the house. I was received by a solemn man-servant out of livery, was informed that the family had retired for the night, and was then led into a large and lofty room where my supper was awaiting me, in a forlorn manner, at one extremity of a lonesome mahogany wilderness of dining table.

I was too tired and out of spirits to eat or drink much, especially with the solemn servant waiting on me as elaborately as if a small dinner-party had arrived at the house instead of a solitary man. In a quarter of an hour I was ready to be taken up to my bedchamber. The solemn servant conducted me into a prettily-furnished room—said, "Breakfast at nine o'clock, Sir"—looked all round him to see that every thing was in its proper place—and noiselessly withdrew.

"What shall I see in my dreams to-night?" I thought to myself, as I put out the candle; "the woman in white, or the unknown inhabitants of this Cumberland mansion?" It was a strange sensation to be sleeping in the house, like a friend of the family, and yet not to know one of the inmates, even by sight.

V.

WHEN I rose the next morning and drew up my blind, the sea opened before me joyously under the broad August sunlight, and the distant coast of Scotland fringed the horizon with its lines of melting blue.

The view was such a surprise, and such a change to me, after my weary London experience of brick and mortar landscape, that I seemed to burst into a new life and a new set of thoughts the moment I looked at it. A confused sensation of having suddenly lost my familiarity with the past, without acquiring any additional clearness of idea in reference to the present or the future, took possession of my mind. Circumstances that were but a few days old, faded back in my memory, as if they had happened months and months since. Pesca's quaint announcement of the means by which he had procured me my present employment; the farewell evening I had passed with my mother and sister; even my mysterious adventure on the way home from Hampstead, had all become like events which might have occurred at some former epoch of my existence. Although the woman in white was still in my mind, the image

"MY TASTE WAS SUFFICIENTLY EDUCATED TO ENABLE ME TO APPRECIATE THE VALUE OF THE DRAWINGS, WHILE I TURNED THEM OVER."

of her seemed to have grown dull and faint already.

A little before nine o'clock, I descended to the ground-floor of the house. The solemn man-servant of the night before met me wandering among the passages, and compassionately showed me the way to the breakfast-room.

My first glance round me, as the man opened the door, disclosed a well-furnished breakfast-table, standing in the middle of a long room, with many windows in it. I looked from the table to the window farthest from me, and saw a lady standing at it, with her back turned toward me. The instant my eyes rested on her, I was struck by the rare beauty of her form, and by the unaffected grace of her attitude. Her figure was tall, yet not too tall; comely and well-developed, yet not fat; her head set on her shoulders with an easy, pliant firmness; her waist, perfection in the eyes of a man, for it occupied its natural place, it filled out its natural circle, it was visibly and delightfully undeformed by stays. She had not heard my entrance into the room; and I allowed myself the luxury of admiring her for a few moments, before I moved one of the chairs near me, as the least embarrassing means of attracting her attention. She turned toward me immediately. The easy elegance of every movement of her limbs and body as soon as she began to advance from the far end of the room, set me in a flutter of expectation to see her face clearly. She left the window—and I said to myself, The lady is dark. She moved forward a few steps—and I said to myself, The lady is young. She approached nearer—and I said to myself (with a sense of surprise which words fail me to express), The lady is ugly!

Never was the old conventional maxim, that Nature can not err more flatly contradicted—never was the fair promise of a lovely figure more strangely and startlingly belied by the face and head that crowned it. The lady's complexion was almost swarthy, and the dark down on her upper lip was almost a mustache. She had a large, firm, masculine mouth and jaw; prominent, piercing, resolute brown eyes; and thick, coal-black hair, growing unusually low down on her forehead. Her expression—bright, frank, and intelligent—appeared, while she was silent, to be altogether wanting in those feminine attractions of gentleness and pliability, without which the beauty of the handsomest woman alive is beauty incomplete. To see such a face as this set on shoulders that a sculptor would have longed to model—to be charmed by the modest graces of action through which the symmetrical limbs betrayed their beauty when they moved, and then to be almost repelled by the masculine form and masculine look of the features in which the perfectly shaped figure ended—was to feel a sensation oddly akin to the helpless discomfort familiar to us all in sleep, when we recognize yet can not reconcile the anomalies and contradictions of a dream.

"Mr. Hartright?" said the lady, interrogatively; her dark face lighting up with a smile, and softening and growing womanly the moment she began to speak. "We resigned all hope of you last night, and went to bed as usual. Accept my apologies for our apparent want of attention; and allow me to introduce myself as one of your pupils. Shall we shake hands? I suppose we must come to it sooner or later—and why not sooner?"

These odd words of welcome were spoken in a clear, ringing, pleasant voice. The offered hand—rather large, but beautifully formed—was given to me with the easy, unaffected self-reliance of a highly-bred woman. We sat down together at the breakfast-table in as cordial and customary a manner as if we had known each other for years, and had met at Limmeridge House to talk over old times by previous appointment.

"I hope you come here good-humoredly determined to make the best of your position," continued the lady. "You will have to begin this morning by putting up with no other company at breakfast than mine. My sister is in her own room, nursing that essentially feminine malady, a slight headache; and her old governess, Mrs. Vesey, is charitably attending on her with restorative tea. My uncle, Mr. Fairlie, never joins us at any of our meals: he is an invalid, and keeps bachelor state in his own apartments. There is nobody else in the house but me. Two young ladies have been staying here, but they went away yesterday, in despair; and no wonder. All through their visit (in consequence of Mr. Fairlie's invalid condition) we produced no such convenience in the house as a flirtable, danceable, small-talkable creature of the male sex; and the consequence was, we did nothing but quarrel, especially at dinner-time. How can you expect four women to dine together alone every day, and not quarrel? We are such fools, we can't entertain each other at table. You see I don't think much of my own sex, Mr. Hartright—which will you have, tea or coffee?—no woman does think much of her own sex, although few of them confess it as freely as I do. Dear me, you look puzzled. Why? Are you wondering what you will have for breakfast? or are you surprised at my careless way of talking? In the first case, I advise you, as a friend, to have nothing to do with that cold ham at your elbow, and to wait till the omelette comes in. In the second case, I will give you some tea to compose your spirits, and do all a woman can (which is very little, by-the-by) to hold my tongue."

She handed me my cup of tea, laughing gayly. Her light flow of talk, and her lively familiarity of manner with a total stranger, were accompanied by an unaffected naturalness and an easy inborn confidence in herself and her position, which would have secured her the respect of the most audacious man breathing. While it was impossible to be formal and reserved in her company, it was more than impossible to take the faintest vestige of a liberty with her, even in thought. I felt this instinctively, even while I caught the infection of her own bright gayety of spirits—even while I did my best to answer her in her own frank, lively way.

"Yes, yes," she said, when I had suggested the only explanation I could offer, to account for my perplexed looks, "I understand. You are such a perfect stranger in the house, that you are puzzled by my familiar references to the worthy inhabitants. Natural enough: I ought to have thought of it before. At any rate, I can set it right now. Suppose I begin with myself, so as to get done with that part of the subject as soon as possible? My name is Marian Halcombe; and I am as inaccurate as women usually are in calling Mr. Fairlie my uncle, and Miss Fairlie my sister. My mother was twice married: the first time to Mr. Halcombe, my father; the second time to Mr. Fairlie, my half-sister's father. Except that we are both orphans, we are in every respect as unlike each other as possible. My father was a poor man, and Miss Fairlie's father was a rich man. I have got nothing, and she is an heiress. I am dark and ugly, and she is fair and pretty. Every body thinks me crabbed and odd (with perfect justice); and every body thinks her sweet-tempered and charming (with more justice still). In short, she is an angel; and I am—Try some of that marmalade, Mr. Hartright, and finish the sentence, in the name of female propriety, for yourself. What am I to tell you about

Mr. Fairlie? Upon my honor, I hardly know. He is sure to send for you after breakfast, and you can study him for yourself. In the mean time, I may inform you, first, that he is the late Mr. Fairlie's younger brother; secondly, that he is a single man; and, thirdly, that he is Miss Fairlie's guardian. I won't live without her, and she can't live without me; and that is how I come to be at Limmeridge House. My sister and I are honestly fond of each other; which, you will say, is perfectly unaccountable, under the circumstances, and I quite agree with you—but so it is. You must please both of us, Mr. Hartright, or please neither of us; and, what is still more trying, you will be thrown entirely upon our society. Mrs. Vesey is an excellent person, who possesses all the cardinal virtues, and counts for nothing; and Mr. Fairlie is too great an invalid to be a companion for any body. I don't know what is the matter with him, and the doctors don't know what is the matter with him, and he doesn't know himself what is the matter with him. We all say it's on the nerves, and we none of us know what we mean when we say it. However, I advise you to humor his little peculiarities, when you see him to-day. Admire his collection of coins, prints, and water-color drawings, and you will win his heart. Upon my word, if you can be contented with a quiet country life, I don't see why you should not get on very well here. From breakfast to lunch, Mr. Fairlie's drawings will occupy you. After lunch, Miss Fairlie and I shoulder our sketch-books, and go out to misrepresent nature, under your directions. Drawing is *her* favorite whim, mind, not mine. Women can't draw—their minds are too flighty, and their eyes are too inattentive. No matter—my sister likes it; so I waste paint and spoil paper, for her sake, as composedly as any woman in England. As for the evenings, I think we can help you through them. Miss Fairlie plays delightfully. For my own poor part, I don't know one note of music from the other; but I can match you at chess, backgammon, écarté, and (with the inevitable female drawbacks), even at billiards as well. What do you think of the programme? Can you reconcile yourself to our quiet, regular life? or do you mean to be restless, and secretly thirst for change and adventure, in the humdrum atmosphere of Limmeridge House?"

She had run on thus far, in her gracefully bantering way, with no other interruptions on my part than the unimportant replies which politeness required of me. The turn of the expression, however, in her last question, or rather the one chance word, "adventure," lightly as it fell from her lips, recalled my thoughts to my meeting with the woman in white, and urged me to discover the connection which the stranger's own reference to Mrs. Fairlie informed me must once have existed between the nameless fugitive from the Asylum, and the former mistress of Limmeridge House.

"Even if I were the most restless of mankind," I said, "I should be in no danger of thirsting after adventures for some time to come. The very night before I arrived at this house, I met with an adventure; and the wonder and excitement of it, I can assure you, Miss Halcombe, will last me for the whole term of my stay in Cumberland, if not for a much longer period."

"You don't say so, Mr. Hartright! May I hear it?"

"You have a claim to hear it. The chief person in the adventure was a total stranger to me, and may perhaps be a total stranger to you; but she certainly mentioned the name of the late Mrs. Fairlie in terms of the sincerest gratitude and regard."

"Mentioned my mother's name! You interest me indescribably. Pray go on."

I at once related the circumstances under which I had met the woman in white, exactly as they had occurred; and I repeated what she had said to me about Mrs. Fairlie and Limmeridge House, word for word.

Miss Halcombe's bright resolute eyes looked eagerly into mine, from the beginning of the narrative to the end. Her face expressed vivid interest and astonishment, but nothing more. She was evidently as far from knowing of any clew to the mystery as I was myself.

"Are you quite sure of those words referring to my mother?" she asked.

"Quite sure," I replied. "Whoever she may be, the woman was once at school in the village of Limmeridge, was treated with especial kindness by Mrs. Fairlie, and, in grateful remembrance of that kindness, feels an affectionate interest in all surviving members of the family. She knew that Mrs. Fairlie and her husband were both dead; and she spoke of Miss Fairlie as if they had known each other when they were children."

"You said, I think, that she denied belonging to this place?"

"Yes, she told me she came from Hampshire."

"And you entirely failed to find out her name?"

"Entirely."

"Very strange. I think you were quite justified, Mr. Hartright, in giving the poor creature her liberty, for she seems to have done nothing in your presence to show herself unfit to enjoy it. But I wish you had been a little more resolute about finding out her name. We must really clear up this mystery, in some way. You had better not speak of it yet to Mr. Fairlie, or to my sister. They are both of them, I am certain, quite as ignorant of who the woman is, and of what her past history in connection with us can be, as I am myself. But they are also, in widely different ways, rather nervous and sensitive; and you would only fidget one and alarm the other to no purpose. As for myself, I am all aflame with curiosity, and I devote my whole energies to the business of discovery from this moment. When my mother came here, after her second marriage, she certainly established the village school just as it exists at the present time. But the old teachers are all dead, or gone elsewhere; and no enlightenment is to be hoped for from that quarter. The only other alternative I can think of—"

At this point we were interrupted by the entrance of the servant, with a message from Mr. Fairlie, intimating that he would be glad to see me, as soon as I had done breakfast.

"Wait in the hall," said Miss Halcombe, answering the servant for me, in her quick, ready way. "Mr. Hartright will come out directly. I was about to say," she went on, addressing me again, "that my sister and I have a large collection of my mother's letters, addressed to my father and to hers. In the absence of any other means of getting information, I will pass the morning in looking over my mother's correspondence with Mr. Fairlie. He was fond of London, and was constantly away from his country home; and she was accustomed, at such times, to write and report to him how things went on at Limmeridge. Her letters are full of references to the school in which she took so strong an interest; and I think it more than likely that I may have discovered something when we meet again. The luncheon hour is two, Mr. Hartright. I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to my sister by that time, and we will occupy the afternoon in driving round the neighborhood and showing you all our pet points of view. Till two o'clock, then, farewell."

She nodded to me with the lively grace, the delightful refinement of familiarity, which characterized all that she did and all that she said; and disappeared by a door at the lower end of the room. As soon as she had left me, I turned my steps toward the hall, and followed the servant on my way, for the first time, to the presence of Mr. Fairlie.

VI.

MY conductor led me up stairs into a passage which took us back to the bedchamber in which I had slept during the past night; and opening the door next to it, begged me to look in.

"I have my master's orders to show you your own sitting-room, Sir," said the man, "and to inquire if you approve of the situation and the light."

I must have been hard to please, indeed, if I had not approved of the room, and of every thing about it. The bow-window looked out on the same lovely view which I had admired, in the morning, from my bedroom. The furniture was the perfection of luxury and beauty; the table in the centre was bright with gayly-bound books, elegant conveniences for writing, and beautiful flowers; the second table, near the window, was covered with all the necessary materials for mounting water-color drawings, and had a little easel attached to it, which I could expand or fold up at will; the walls were hung with gayly tinted chintz; and the floor was spread with Indian matting in maize-color and red. It was the prettiest and most luxurious little sitting-room I had ever seen; and I admired it with the warmest enthusiasm.

The solemn servant was far too highly trained to betray the slightest satisfaction. He bowed with icy deference when my terms of eulogy were all exhausted, and silently opened the door for me to go out into the passage again.

We turned a corner, and entered a long second passage, ascended a short flight of stairs at the end, crossed a small circular upper hall, and stopped in front of a door covered with dark baize. The servant opened this door, and led me on a few yards to a second; opened that also, and disclosed two curtains of pale sea-green silk hanging before us; raised one of them noiselessly; softly uttered the words, "Mr. Hartright," and left me.

I found myself in a large, lofty room, with a magnificent carved ceiling, and with a carpet over the floor, so thick and soft that it felt like piles of velvet under my feet. One side of the room was occupied by a long book-case of some rare inlaid wood that was quite new to me. It was not more than six feet high, and the top was adorned with statuettes in marble, ranged at regular distances one from the other. On the opposite side stood two antique cabinets; and between them, and above them, hung a picture of the Virgin and Child, protected by glass, and bearing Raphael's name on the gilt tablet at the bottom of the frame. On my right hand and on my left, as I stood inside the door, were chiffoniers and little stands in buhl and marquetterie, loaded with figures in Dresden china, with rare vases, ivory ornaments, and toys and curiosities that sparkled at all points with gold, silver, and precious stones. At the lower end of the room, opposite to me, the windows were concealed and the sunlight was tempered by large blinds of the same pale sea-green color as the curtains over the door. The light thus produced was deliciously soft, mysterious, and subdued; it fell equally upon all the objects in the room; it helped to intensify the deep silence, and the air of profound seclusion that possessed the place; and it surrounded, with an appropriate halo of repose, the solitary figure of the master of the house, leaning back, listlessly composed, in a large easy-chair, with a reading-easel fastened on one of its arms, and a little table on the other.

If a man's personal appearance, when he is out of his dressing-room, and when he has passed forty, can be accepted as a safe guide to his time of life—which is more than doubtful—Mr. Fairlie's age, when I saw him, might have been reasonably computed at over fifty and under sixty years. His beardless face was thin, worn, and transparently pale, but not wrinkled; his nose was high and hooked; his eyes were of a dim grayish blue, large, prominent, and rather red round the rims of the eyelids; his hair was scanty, soft to look at, and of that light sandy color which is the last to disclose its own changes toward gray. He was dressed in a dark frock-coat, of some substance much thinner than cloth, and in waistcoat and trowsers of spotless white. His feet were effeminately small, and were clad in buff-colored silk stockings, and little womanish bronze-leather slippers. Two rings adorned his white delicate hands, the value of which even my inexperienced observation detected to be all but priceless. Upon the whole, he had a frail, languidly-fretful, over-refined look—something singularly and unpleasantly delicate in its association with a man, and, at the same time, something which could by no possibility have looked natural and appropriate if it had been transferred to the personal appearance of a woman. My morning's experience of Miss Halcombe had predisposed me to be pleased with every body in the house; but my sympathies shut themselves up resolutely at the first sight of Mr. Fairlie.

On approaching nearer to him, I discovered that he was not so entirely without occupation as I had at first supposed. Placed amidst the other rare and beautiful objects on a large round table near him, was a dwarf cabinet in ebony and silver, containing coins of all shapes and sizes, set out in little drawers lined with dark purple velvet. One of these drawers lay on the small table attached to his chair; and near it were some tiny jewelers' brushes, a wash-leather "stump," and a little bottle of liquid, all waiting to be used in various ways for the removal of any accidental impurities which might be discovered on the coins. His frail white fingers were listlessly toying with something which looked, to my uninstructed eyes, like a dirty pewter medal with ragged edges, when I advanced within a respectful distance of his chair, and stopped to make my bow.

"So glad to possess you at Limmeridge, Mr. Hartright," he said, in a querulous, croaking voice, which combined, in any thing but an agreeable manner, a discordantly high tone with a drowsily languid utterance. "Pray sit down. And don't trouble yourself to move the chair, please. In the wretched state of my nerves, movement of any kind is exquisitely painful to me. Have you seen your studio? Will it do?"

"I have just come from seeing the room, Mr. Fairlie; and I assure you—"

He stopped me in the middle of the sentence, by closing his eyes, and holding up one of his white hands imploringly. I paused in astonishment; and the croaking voice honored me with this explanation:

"Pray excuse me. But *could* you contrive to speak in a lower key? In the wretched state of my nerves loud sound of any kind is indescribable torture to me. You will pardon an invalid? I only say to you what the lamentable state of my health obliges me to say to every body. Yes. And you really like the room?"

"I could wish for nothing prettier and nothing more comfortable," I answered, dropping my voice, and beginning to discover already that Mr. Fairlie's selfish affectation and Mr. Fairlie's wretched nerves meant one and the same thing.

"So glad. You will find your position here, Mr. Hartright, properly recognized. There is none of the horrid English barbarity of feeling about the social position of an artist in this house. So much of my early life has been passed abroad that I have quite cast my insular skin in that respect. I wish I could say the same of the gentry—detestable word, but I suppose I must use it—of the gentry in the neighborhood. They are sad Goths in Art, Mr. Hartright. People, I do assure you, who would have opened their eyes in astonishment if they had seen Charles the Fifth pick up Titian's brush for him. Do you mind putting this tray of coins back in the cabinet and giving me the next one to it? In the wretched state of my nerves exertion of any kind is unspeakably disagreeable to me. Yes. Thank you."

As a practical commentary on the liberal social theory which he had just favored me by illustrating, Mr. Fairlie's cool request rather amused me. I put back one drawer and gave him the other, with all possible politeness. He began trifling with the new set of coins and the little brushes immediately; languidly looking at them and admiring them all the time he was speaking to me.

"A thousand thanks and a thousand excuses. Do you like coins? Yes. So glad we have another taste in common besides our taste for Art. Now, about the pecuniary arrangements between us—do tell me—are they satisfactory?"

"Most satisfactory, Mr. Fairlie."

"So glad. And—what next? Ah! I remember. Yes. In reference to the consideration which you are good enough to accept for giving me the benefit of your accomplishments in art, my steward will wait on you at the end of the first week, to ascertain your wishes. And—what next? Curious, is it not? I had a great deal more to say; and I appear to have quite forgotten it. Do you mind touching the bell? In that corner. Yes. Thank you."

I rang; and a new servant noiselessly made his appearance—a foreigner, with a set smile and perfectly brushed hair—a valet every inch of him.

"Louis," said Mr. Fairlie, dreamily dusting the tips of his fingers with one of the tiny brushes for the coins, "I made some entries in my tablettes this morning. Find my tablettes. A thousand pardons, Mr. Hartwright. I'm afraid I bore you."

As he wearily closed his eyes again, before I could answer, and as he did most assuredly bore me, I sat silent, and looked up at the Madonna and Child by Raphael. In the mean time, the valet left the room, and returned shortly with a little ivory book. Mr. Fairlie, after first relieving himself by a gentle sigh, let the book drop open with one hand, and held up the tiny brush with the other, as a sign to the servant to wait for further orders.

"Yes. Just so!" said Mr. Fairlie, consulting the tablettes. "Louis, take down that portfolio." He pointed, as he spoke, to several port-folios placed near the window, on mahogany stands. "No. Not the one with the green back—that contains my Rembrandt etchings, Mr. Hartright. Do you like etchings? Yes? So glad we have another taste in common. The port-folio with the red back, Louis. Don't drop it! You have no idea of the tortures I should suffer, Mr. Hartright, if Louis dropped that port-folio. Is it safe on the chair? Do *you* think it safe, Mr. Hartright? Yes? So glad. Will you oblige me by looking at the drawings, if you really think they're quite safe. Louis, go away. What an ass you are. Don't you see me holding the tablettes? Do you suppose I want to hold them? Then why not relieve me of the tablettes without being told? A thousand pardons, Mr. Hartright; servants are such asses, are they not? Do tell me—what do you think of the drawings? They have come from a sale in a shocking state—I thought they smelled of horrid dealers' and brokers' fingers when I looked at them last. *Can* you undertake them?"

Although my nerves were not delicate enough to detect the odor of plebeian fingers which had offended Mr. Fairlie's nostrils, my taste was sufficiently educated to enable me to appreciate the value of the drawings, while I turned them over. They were, for the most part, really fine specimens of English water-color Art; and they had deserved much better treatment at the hands of their former possessor than they appeared to have received.

"The drawings," I answered, "require careful straining and mounting; and, in my opinion, they are well worth—"

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mr. Fairlie. "Do you mind my closing my eyes while you speak? Even this light is too much for them. Yes?"

"I was about to say that the drawings are well worth all the time and trouble—"

Mr. Fairlie suddenly opened his eyes again, and rolled them with an expression of helpless alarm in the direction of the window.

"I entreat you to excuse me, Mr. Hartright," he said, in a feeble flutter. "But surely I hear some horrid children in the garden—my private garden—below?"

"I can't say, Mr. Fairlie. I heard nothing myself."

"Oblige me—you have been so very good in humoring my poor nerves—oblige me by lifting up a corner of the blind. Don't let the sun in on me, Mr. Hartright! Have you got the blind up? Yes? Then will you be so very kind as to look into the garden and make quite sure?"

I complied with this new request. The garden was carefully walled in, all round. Not a human creature, large or small, appeared in any part of the sacred seclusion. I reported that gratifying fact to Mr. Fairlie.

"A thousand thanks. My fancy, I suppose. There are no children, thank Heaven, in the house; but the servants (persons born without nerves) will encourage the children from the village. Such brats—oh, dear me, such brats! Shall I confess it, Mr. Hartright?—I sadly want a reform in the construction of children. Nature's only idea seems to be to make them machines for the production of incessant noise. Surely our delightful Raffaello's conception is infinitely preferable?"

He pointed to the picture of the Madonna, the upper part of which represented the conventional cherubs of Italian Art, celestially provided with sitting accommodation for their chins, on balloons of buff-colored cloud.

"Quite a model family!" said Mr. Fairlie, leering at the cherubs. "Such nice round faces, and such nice soft wings, and—nothing else. No dirty little legs to run about on, and no noisy little lungs to scream with. How immeasurably superior to the existing construction! I will close my eyes again, if you will allow me. And you really can manage the drawings? So glad. Is there any thing else to settle? If there is, I think I have forgotten it. Shall we ring for Louis again?"

Being, by this time, quite as anxious, on my side, as Mr. Fairlie evidently was on his, to bring the interview to a speedy conclusion, I thought I would try to render the summoning of the servant unnecessary, by offering the requisite suggestion on my own responsibility.

"The only point, Mr. Fairlie, that remains to be discussed," I said, "refers, I think, to the instruction in sketching which I am engaged to communicate to the two young ladies."

"Ah! just so," said Mr. Fairlie. "I wish I felt strong enough to go into that part of the arrangement—but I don't. The ladies, who profit by your kind services, Mr. Hartright, must settle, and decide, and so on, for themselves. My niece is fond of your charming art. She knows just enough about it to be conscious of her own sad defects. Please take pains with her. Yes. Is there any thing else? No. We quite understand each other—don't we? I have no right to detain you any longer from your delightful pursuit—have I? So pleasant to have settled every thing—such a sensible relief to have done business. Do you mind ringing for Louis to carry the port-folio to your own room?"

"I will carry it there, myself, Mr. Fairlie, if you will allow me."

"Will you really? Are you strong enough? How nice to be so strong! Are you sure you won't drop it? So glad to possess you at Limmeridge, Mr. Hartright. I am such a sufferer that I hardly dare hope to enjoy much of your society. Would you mind taking great pains not to let the doors bang, and not to drop the port-folio? Thank you. Gently with the curtains, please—the slightest noise from them goes through me like a knife. Yes. *Good*-morning!"

When the sea-green curtains were closed, and when the two baize doors were shut behind me, I stopped for a moment in the little circular hall beyond, and drew a long, luxurious breath of relief. It was like coming to the surface of the water, after deep diving, to find myself once more on the outside of Mr. Fairlie's room.

As soon as I was comfortably established for the morning in my pretty little studio, the first resolution at which I arrived was to turn my steps no more in the direction of the apartments occupied by the master of the house, except in the very improbable event of his honoring me with a special invitation to pay him another visit. Having settled this satisfactory plan of future conduct, in reference to Mr. Fairlie, I soon recovered the serenity of temper of which my employer's haughty familiarity and impudent politeness had, for the moment, deprived me. The remaining hours of the morning passed away pleasantly enough, in looking over the drawings, arranging them in sets, trimming their ragged edges, and accomplishing the other necessary preparations in anticipation of the business of mounting them. I ought, perhaps, to have made more progress than this; but, as the luncheon-time drew near, I grew restless and unsettled, and felt unable to fix my attention on work, even though that work was only of the humble manual kind.

At two o'clock, I descended again to the breakfast-room, a little anxiously. Expectations of some interest were connected with my approaching reappearance in that part of the house. My introduction to Miss Fairlie was now close at hand; and, if Miss Halcombe's search through her mother's letters had produced the result which she anticipated, the time had come for clearing up the mystery of the woman in white.

HELEN LAWRENCE.

WHEN I was eighteen Helen Lawrence and her mother came to live in Harwick. I don't know how it was—there could not be two persons more dissimilar—but Helen and I became friends at once; and I found it a charming thing to have a companion of my own age and sex. She was very pretty, in a soft, blushing, girlish way; rather short—which I admired in her the more as I was myself beyond the ordinary stature of woman, and awkwardly conscious of it. Indeed, all her excellences of person and capacity were enhanced by contrast with my own shortcomings. I had grown rapidly, and was unusually thin—I suppose nothing but an anatomical preparation could well have had less flesh on it than my person. I was high-shouldered, and had a sidling way of standing. Then my health was not robust; my face was long, narrow, and (I used to think, despairingly) just the color of an underdone buckwheat pan-cake. Helen was different as possible from all this. She was plump and full, had falling shoulders, and the sweetest color. How I used to envy her whenever I took a forlorn survey of my collar-bones, and of the pearl-colored drum-sticks which, in my case, did duty as arms!

Well, as I said, we were constantly together, and very happy so. She helped me about my collars and under-sleeves, and showed me how to take in my dresses and do my hair in French twist; so that I became, under her care, much more presentable than heretofore. She was not particularly fond of books, but she had oceans of sense; I was rather clever, but without much available knowledge of any kind; so we balanced each other. We used to talk about every subject beneath the sky; once in a while we would sit in moonlight evenings on the piazza, and hold each other's hands, without saying much; and that is the most I know about how lovers feel. I suppose their sensations are similar—"only," as the boys say, "more so."

My two brothers did not at all enter into our calculations. Frederic was studying law, and quite engrossed by it; and Radcliffe, my particular favorite and especial friend, was just getting to the end of his famous flirtation with Nelly Coan. Of course, according to his fashion, he had neither eyes nor ears for any one else while it lasted; and Helen might have been her own grandmother for all the gallantry she received from him. But the Nelly Coan affair came to an end by the middle of July, and Radcliffe was at liberty to seek "fresh fields and pastures new;" before a month was over he was devotedly in love with Helen. After watching her a little I felt very sure how it would end, and you may guess I was delighted. She was so good, so sweet, so thoroughly reliable; she would make Radcliffe happy, I knew. And any woman that he loved must be happy herself, of course. I awaited comfortably and composedly the announcement that was sure to come. Radcliffe had never kept any thing of the kind from me, from his first declaration to little Kit Mills over the apple-barrel, when he was ten years old, all along through the host of Lauras, Matildas, and Marias who had successively occupied and vacated the chambers of his heart.

About the last of September the time arrived. Radcliffe came home one evening radiant, overflowing with joy; Helen and he were engaged! All the details of the affair were soon settled. Helen's friends, on being consulted, were very well pleased. They might have married at once; but the elders thought it better they should wait a year or two, as they were both very young—Helen eighteen, and Radcliffe scarcely twenty-one.

Then began a very happy time for the "three of us." Helen did not come as often, but when she did arrive I kept her longer; and in the evenings, when Radcliffe returned from the store, we had such pleasant hours together! I used generally to leave them a while to themselves—for which, I dare say, they thanked me in their hearts. What with visits to the neighbors, and guests at home, I fancy they had not time for many private interviews. Then Helen and I had such long talks about her hero—his early days, his quickness in study, good and generous things he had done. I was not in the least jealous, dearly as I loved Radcliffe; and only laughed a little when the slippers, which were the only fancy-work I ever did in my life, and cost me a world of trouble, were superseded by a pair of Helen's embroidery. Nay, I even listened complacently as Radcliffe exalted the new ones and decried the old, though I had been previously wont to regard them as master-pieces of the Berlin art. That was a charming fall and winter for us all.

Early in the spring there was a change. An old friend of our family, living some thirty miles distant, was about to retire from his business of a country merchant, and wished his own nephew and my brother to succeed him. It was an advantageous offer; and after some deliberation Radcliffe accepted it, and left us for his new home. He wrote to me very often, and always in excellent spirits; the village was beautiful, the society agreeable, the scenery in the neighborhood very charming and romantic. "If I only had Helen and you here," he said, "I could not think of any thing to wish for."

He made us a little visit after a couple of months. I thought he had improved astonishingly. He wore gold studs in his sleeves and shirt bosom, instead of pearl buttons, which had hitherto contented him; he had two or three pretty new cravats and vests, and a dress-coat from a Broadway tailor.

The lovers were continually together; there were walks and rides and dinners and teas in company, and I was in some way mixed up with it all, so that a stranger seeing us might have been puzzled to know whether Radcliffe were "paying attention" to Helen or myself. The four days came to an end, however, as all days will, and the young suitor had to go.

Every thing went on well for a time. Helen had frequent letters, and so had I. We had plenty to talk about, and she especially had plenty to do, for she had already begun that interminable work, "getting ready." I wonder if any girl was ever really "ready," even if her courtship lasted as long as Rachel's! The more they get the more yet do their covetous spirits seem to long for.

It was, I should say, about the beginning of August that I received a letter from Radcliffe, in which he mentioned, among other items, that he had met a very beautiful girl, Miss Coldbrook, at a party a few evenings before. She had said that she used to know me—did I remember any thing about her? I can not tell you how it was—certainly I had not a shadow of suspicion—but at sight of her name an anxious feeling crossed my mind. I wished she had not gone to Meriden.

Marian Coldbrook—yes, I knew her very well; I had met her frequently when I spent the winter in Philadelphia a year or two before. "A very beautiful girl!" Well, some might call her so. She had a complexion like a china doll's, and, for much the same reason, plenty of paint, evenly laid on; rather insignificant features, and a pert, self-sufficient air very exasperating to my temperament; hair black as jet, and brushed and oiled till it shone like the best vest satin; a form like the Venus—the Parisian divinity, not the Medicean. Intended by nature to be rather dumpy, but laced by art till there was attained the taperest of waists, above which rode a billowy breadth of bust. She dressed beautifully, as well she might, spending a small fortune on it every year, and danced and flirted to perfection. A very "stylish" girl, no doubt, and selfish and cold-hearted to match. Of course there could be no danger about Radcliffe, who was engaged; yet I wished he had never seen her. I wished it yet more when other letters came, in all of which her name figured conspicuously. There had been a picnic, and Miss Coldbrook was there; a sail on the lake, and Miss Coldbrook sang "Make me no gaudy chaplet;" a party to the Falls, and Radcliffe escorted Miss Coldbrook. When, in addition to this, Helen had no letter for ten days, I grew seriously uneasy.

One Saturday evening, in the beginning of September, Radcliffe arrived unexpectedly. In the confusion and gladness of meeting him I quite forgot my fears. After tea he went over to see Helen, but remained a marvelously short time. The next day was Sunday; we went to church, as usual; had a lunch of pie at noon, and dinner, with a cup of tea, at five o'clock. That meal over, Radcliffe and I took our chairs out on the piazza and talked a while. It was a very pleasant summer afternoon.

"You will go over to see Helen by-and-by, I suppose?" was my opening remark.

"Why no, I think not, as it is Sunday; I never used to, you know."

"Then it was very different: you were here all the time, and could see her every day; but you are going early to-morrow, and may not come home again for months."

"I don't think I had better; her people are rather strict about Sunday."

I was silent; I felt very uncomfortable; I wished to ask some questions, yet thought it was not best.

"How sweetly Helen looked to-day!" I said presently. "That simple straw bonnet, with just a rose-bud in the ruche, is so becoming to her. She is like a rose-bud herself, I think."

My brother laughed. "You are romantic, Sophy," he said. "Not but that Helen is a pretty little thing. But you should see Miss Coldbrook! There is beauty for you, with all the advantages of dress and style to set it off!"

The mention of that lady's name "in this connection," as ministers have it, did not altogether suit me.

"It is not often," I said, "that a person is fortunate enough to possess a name so thoroughly descriptive."

"How do you mean? I do not understand."

"Why, the 'cold' is plain enough, I'm sure; that doesn't need elucidation. And as for the 'brook,' she is like the little stream below the village—both shallow and broad. Broad, I mean, as to her shoulders, and shallow as to her sense."

"Sophy, how *can* you be so rude!" exclaimed Radcliffe, angrily. "But this comes of your perfect infatuation for Helen Lawrence."

"I should say," I returned, coolly, "that you had as good a call to be 'infatuated' in that direction as any one."

"Marian Coldbrook," I added, dogmatically, "is no more to be compared to Helen than a puddle is to a well of clear water."

"Sophia!" uttered Radcliffe, in a warning voice, "remember you are talking of the woman I love."

"Oh yes," I said, out of all patience, "of the woman you *think* you love, and for whom, two months from now, you wouldn't give a broken straw!"

"You are mistaken," he replied, with great seriousness. "Say what you will, Sophy, and hate me for it as you may, I *do* love her as I never loved any one before."

"Oh, Radcliffe, is that so?" I cried, beginning to see the dismal truth. "*Can* you like her better than Helen?"

He was silent a while, then answered, firmly, "Yes, Sophy, a thousand times better."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" I said, in distress; "what will she do? how can she bear it?"

He seemed moved. "Do you think," he asked, "that she will care so very much?"

"How can you doubt it? Oh, Radcliffe, it is too cruel! She was *my* friend; she didn't belong to you at all, or think any thing about you. Then you came. You sought her, and paid her every attention, and tried every way you could to make her love you; and now she has done it, this is the way you treat her."

"I know it is hard, I know it is dreadful," he said, "but how can I help it? Can we alter our feelings at will? I don't care for Helen, and I do love Marian."

"And this, I suppose, is the reason you have not written to her?"

"Yes. How could I write as I had done with my whole heart full of Marian? I could not be such a hypocrite."

"I should think," I replied, bitterly, "that there was small choice between hypocrisy and such caprice—such falsehood—as you have been guilty of."

"There is no good to be attained," Radcliffe answered me, "by this perpetual accusation and denial. We shall not alter each other's opinions. The question remains—what is to be done?"

Problem unutterably dreary. We talked long and seriously. Radcliffe was very sorry for Helen; very loth to pain her. He said she was the best and dearest little girl that ever lived, and he only wished she did not care so much more for him than he deserved—a wish I echoed with emphasis. At last I proposed that he should say nothing to her at present; there would be only one more interview, and he must act as kindly as possible to her. After he got back to Meriden he must try to overcome his love for Miss Coldbrook; write to Helen as before, if he could without too much hypocrisy; and perhaps it would all come right in time. But if he found such a course impossible—why, then, I supposed he must tell the truth, and we must bear the consequences.

Then weeks and weeks went by. Every day, when the mail came in, I said to Helen, "Is there a letter?" Every day she answered, "No, not yet." She was at our house one morning when the stage went by.

"There is no use in going down," she said; "there will be nothing there."

It was curious that this expression rather provoked me, though I ought to have been glad if she were growing indifferent.

"Oh! very well," I said; "I can write to Radcliffe that you don't think his letters worth a walk to the post-office, and he will not, probably, trouble himself to send any."

"It is not that, Sophy," she answered, sadly; "but I never can help hoping I shall find one, and then when I go in and see the empty box it makes me feel worse than ever."

It was not long after that before the letter came, and poor little Helen's long suspense was over. She had hoped against hope, for I always evaded the questions she put so timidly, and she did not dare to press the matter. She thought there might be some misunderstanding—that she had offended him in some way—but now she had his reasons fairly and plainly set before her. She was no longer dear to him, and they must part; he hoped she would forget him, and be happier with another than he could ever make her. It was a kind letter, so far as manner went; but when I read the concluding words I felt as if I never could forgive Radcliffe as long as I lived.

Poor Helen, she had not been used to sorrow; every one had been gentle and good to her always; she was entirely overcome by the cruel blow dealt by a hand so dear. I never saw any thing so touching as her grief, so pitiful as her attempts to bear it quietly and appear cheerful once more. She would not write to Radcliffe herself; she asked me to tell him that he was free, and request him to return her letters. And so it was all over; all but Helen's suffering, and the sad blight that had fallen on her life. She never would say any thing against Radcliffe, she would not have him blamed by any one. She checked me when I broke out sometimes with bitter reproaches toward him.

"Don't, Sophy," she would say; "you can't tell how it grieves me."

She left Harwick that fall, and lived thenceforward in Boston.

To Radcliffe I grew reconciled by slow degrees; he had been too dear and intimate for my heart to renounce him altogether, faulty as he was.

A year or two after Helen left us I visited some friends in Boston, and in the course of my stay saw her frequently. She was altered a good deal; she seemed no longer girlish but womanly, and a very sweet and gracious womanhood it was. She had read much and thought more; and she seemed lovelier to me than even in the first flush of her youth.

"How much you have improved, Helen!" I said to her one day.

"Do you think so?" she asked, with pleasure. "Well, I hope I have. It would be a pity," she said, after a slight pause, "if any one should suffer as much as I have done, and *not* improve."

We spent many a happy hour together, and I wished more warmly than ever that the past could be undone, and Radcliffe and she stand where once they stood. I ventured to hint as much to her.

"That could not be, Sophy," she answered, "even if your brother wished it, which he has never thought of doing."

"Why Helen, are you so very unforgiving?"

"Not at all; but I have had too much trouble to cure myself of loving him ever to care for him again."

The next time Radcliffe came home I had a long talk with him, such as we had never before indulged in, about the miserable time of his separation from Helen. I did not spare him any thing. I told him all her love and suffering, and he was deeply moved. "Poor little thing!" he said. "What a brute I was! But, Sophy, you *must* do me the justice to believe that I never dreamed she would feel it so much. I was selfish and thoughtless, but not so deliberately cruel. I fancied—well, no matter. How she must despise me! not more than I despise myself, though."

"No, Radcliffe, she never despised you; she forgave and excused you even when she suffered most. What a prize you lost when you threw away such love as hers for the sake of a girl like Marian Coldbrook!"

"Yes," he said, coloring; "what a silly infatuation that was! In a few weeks I would not have been her favored lover for worlds. By-the-by, I didn't tell you that she is married; I had cards a few days since. She has secured 'the establishment' at last, but I pity the poor husband."

A short time afterward I went to spend the day with her. Helen took me up to her own room. "I had a letter yesterday," she said, "which I want to show you. You know you have always been my confidante." And truly it was a letter from Radcliffe, eloquent, every line of it, with the best feelings of his heart. He took shame to himself for the past, he begged her to trust him for the future. If ever a man declared his love in language fitted to touch a woman's feelings he did it. But what would Helen say? I thought as I read. From her perfect calmness I augured the worst. If he should fail, after all? Perfectly trembling with excitement, I turned to her.

"I am afraid, Sophy," she said, "that you will be disappointed when you hear my answer."

It was a hard blow. I scarcely knew how to bear it.

"I can not complain, Helen, at any rate," I replied. "I *did* hope that all might be forgotten and forgiven; but if that is impossible, no one can blame you. You were shamefully treated, and it is due to you that Radcliffe should make what little amends he could, even though you have refused him."

Helen smiled. I thought it was very cruel for her to do so when she must know how I was feeling. "Sophy," she said, "I am going to tell him—yes!" I don't know which of us was happier the rest of the day.

Six months later my cousins and I were dressing for the wedding. Alicia was "doing" my hair in the latest fashion.

"And now, Miss Sophy," said she, "you'll have to stand aside. 'Three spoils company,' we used to say when we were children, and you will find it true."

"That is so," chimed in Gertrude; "you and Radcliffe have always been every thing to each other, but that is done with now. A man's family must always give him up from the day he is married."

"I don't think so," I said.

"But you'll *learn* so," said Alicia.

I laughed, and defied them.

But alas! they were right. It was foolish and wild in me to dream that a man's love for a sister, though different in kind, might be equal in degree to that for his wife. The one too surely crowds out the other. It was bitter for me at first. I said to myself, "He belonged to me years and years before he ever saw her; it is too hard that I should be neglected and forgotten, and she the mistress of all." I went through with such feelings as I suppose all loving parents undergo when they learn that they are only second where they have been used to hold the first and dearest place. Not that Radcliffe ever treated me slightingly; on the contrary, he is much more affectionate and thoughtful than brothers usually are. But his home, his wife, his children engross a great part of his time and thought; he has only stray moments, occasional remembrance, to spare for me. It is natural, it is inevitable, I suppose. It might have been so with me if I had a husband and interests of my own. Women are no more angels than men are heroes; and I often think our much-praised devotion is deeply tinctured with selfishness. Our lives are monotonous and circumscribed, and we throw ourselves ardently into any feeling that lifts us out of the tedium of our everyday round. Yes, if I had other ties, Radcliffe might have become a mere accessory of life to me, as I to him; as it is, I feel the change and the loss most painfully at times.

And thus it was, you see, I lost my only friend; for when Radcliffe went Helen went with him. She is my good, true-hearted sister; she thinks much of me in a quiet way; she writes to me occasionally, and sends me recipes and patterns. But the tender little friend, the girl who sat with me in the moonlight years ago, is gone forever. No one loves me as she used to do, or ever will again; for I am growing old in earnest, and if you knew how long a time has passed since all these things I write of happened, you would smile at the idea of so much sentimentalism dwelling in a heart that ought to have grown reasonable long ago.

DRESS AND ITS VICTIMS.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

How can people be killed by dress, nowadays? many ask. We must be thinking of the old times when the ladies laced so tight that "salts and strong waters" seem to have been called for to some fainting fair one as often as numbers were collected together, whether at church, or at Ranelagh, or the theatres. Or perhaps we are thinking of the accidents that have happened during particular fashions of dress, as the burning of the Marchioness of Salisbury, from her high cap nodding over the candle; or the deaths of the Ladies Bridgeman last year, from the skirts of one of them catching fire at the grate; or the number of inquests held during the fashion of gigot sleeves, when a lady could scarcely dine in company, or play the piano at home, without peril of death by fire.

Perhaps it may be the heavy, towering head-dresses of the last century we may be thinking of, bringing in a crowd of bad symptoms, headaches, congestions, fits, palsies, with the fearful remedies of bleeding and reducing, which we read of in medical books, and in gossiping literature, like Horace Walpole's correspondence. Or we may even be thinking of the barbaric fashion of painting the face, neck, and hands, at one time carried on to the excess of enameling the skin. That was not at so very remote a time; for I have heard from the lips of witnesses what it was like; and a friend of mine, yet living, can tell what she saw at a concert where a lady sat before her with a pair of broad shoulders which looked like tawny marble—as smooth, as shining, and as little like any thing human. These shoulders were once enameled, and may have looked white in their day; but no life-long pains to renew their whiteness would serve after a certain lapse of time; and there they were, hopeless, tawny, and the quality of the skin destroyed. The poisonings by means of cosmetics we read of in the history of the past centuries may have been sometimes intentional; but there was plenty of unconscious poisoning besides.

We do not, however, mean any of these things when we speak of dress, in connection with preventible mortality.

Perhaps I may be supposed to be referring to the notoriously afflicted and short-lived classes of milliners and slop-workers who are worn-out and killed off in the cause of dress. No; I am not now going to bring forward their case, because it comes under a different head. At this moment I am not thinking of either the political economy or the general morality of the dress question, or I should bring up the group of suicides who have perished, some from hopeless poverty, some from intolerable degradation, and some from the embarrassment of gambling debts incurred for the sake of dress.

If the secrets of the city were known, we might hear of more tragedies than the theatres show, from the spread of gambling among women, and especially among servant-girls and shop-women, who have been carried beyond bounds by the extravagant fashion of the day. But I am not speaking of suicides, nor of the victims of the needle, whose case is too grave to be treated lightly, and whose day of deliverance, too, is at hand, if the sewing-machine is the reality it appears—and not a phantom—cheating the hopes of thousands. We may possibly look into that another time. Meanwhile our business is with the injurious and sometimes murderous effect of dress which we see worn every day.

It will not seem so wonderful that the familiar clothing of our neighbors and ourselves may be of such importance when we remember the explanations of physicians—that dress may, and usually does, affect the condition and action of almost every department of the human frame—the brain and nervous system, the lungs, the stomach, and other organs of the trunk; the eyes, the skin, the muscles, the glandular system, the nutritive system, and even the bony frame, the skeleton on which all hangs. If dress can meddle mischievously with the action, or affect the condition of all these, it can be no marvel that it is responsible for a good many of the hundred thousand needless deaths which are happening around us this year.

Putting aside the ordinary associations, as far as we can, and trying for the moment to consider what is to be desired in the clothing of the human body—what is requisite to make dress good and beautiful—let us see what is essential.

Dress should be a covering to all the parts of the body which need warmth or coolness, as the case may be. It should be a shelter from the evils of the atmosphere, whether these be cold, or heat, or wet, or damp, or glare. This is the first requisite, for such shelter is the main purpose of clothing. In our own country the dress should easily admit of the necessary changes in degree of warmth demanded by our changeable climate.

Dress should bear a close relation to the human form. No other principle can be permanent; no other can be durably sanctioned by sense and taste, because no other has reality in it. We may fancy that we admire the old Greek and Roman robes which look dignified in Julius Cæsar on the stage, and in statues, and in all the imaginations of classical times; but we could not get through our daily business in such a costume; nor should we admire the appearance of our acquaintance in it. In fact, the wearers themselves were always tucking up or putting away their troublesome wrappers when they had any thing to do, and the busy people of society appeared in their work-shops and fields in garments which left their limbs free, and their whole body fit for action. On the whole, in a general way, with particular variations according to taste, the dress should follow the outline of the body. Any great deviation from this principle involves inconvenience on the one hand and deformity on the other.

Where it follows the outline of the frame it should fit accurately enough to fulfill its intention, but so easily as not to embarrass action. It should neither compress the internal structure nor impede the external movement. An easy fit, in short, is the requisite. It is a part of this easy fit that the weight of the clothes should be properly hung and distributed.

After the peace of 1815 it was said that we gained two things from the French—gloves that would fit, and the shoulder-piece. It would make the difference of some lives out of the great number thrown away, if we made due use of the shoulder-piece now. By the shoulder-piece the weight of the garment is spread on the part best fitted to bear it, instead of being hung from the neck, as it was before we knew better, or from the hips or the waist (in the case of women's dress) as now, when we ought to know better.

Next, dress ought to be agreeable to wear: and this includes something more than warmth and a good fit. It should be light, and subject to as few dangers and inconveniences as possible.

These conditions being observed, it follows of course that the costume will be modest, and that it will be graceful. Grace and beauty are flowers from the root of utility. The worst taste in dress is where things are put on for no purpose or use, as in the ear-rings, nose-rings, bangles, and necklaces of savage (or civilized) wearers, the feathers on the head, and flaunting strips of gay color, whether of wampum or ribbon, and the fringes and furbelows that one sees—now in Nubia, and now by Lake Huron, and now in New York or London. The best taste is where the genuine uses of dress are not lost sight of, and the gratification of the eye grows out of them; where the garments fit accurately and easily, and the colors are agreeable, and the texture good and handsome, and the ornaments justified by some actual benefit, such as marking outlines, as the Greek borders did, or beautifying the fastenings, or affording a relief to the limits and edges.

These seem to be the main conditions agreed upon as essential to a good mode of dress. It would appear to be a greater sin and absurdity in us than in our ancestors to dress injuriously and offensively, because the observance of these conditions is so much easier to us than to them. It is astonishing to us to discover, by thinking about it, how costly dress was to the gentry of the kingdom in the reigns of our Edwards and Henrys, and even under the last of the Charleses and Jameses. The proportion of middle and upper class incomes spent in dress must have been something far beyond what prudent people in our day would dream of. We must suppose that garments were made to last very long. With the laboring classes we know it was so, before the days of cotton, and when linen was only for the great. In the rural cottages and artisans' dwellings throughout the land, men, women, and children wore woolen garments, the history of which would not be agreeable to our readers, accustomed as we are in these days to think of clothes as meant to be changed every day and night, and often washed or otherwise cleaned.

The variety, the cheapness, the manageableness of clothes in our day, compared with any former time, ought to render us obedient in an unequaled degree to the main conditions of good dress. Instead of this, we see trains of funerals every year carrying to the grave the victims of folly and ignorance in dress.

How is it with regard to protection from heat, cold, damp, and glare?

The Englishman's dress seems to be, on the whole, as little exceptionable as any that can be pointed out. We are not thinking of our soldiers, dressed in tight woolen garments, stocks, and heavy head-gear in all climates and seasons alike. The mortality from that tremendous cruelty and folly is a separate item to be urged against the military authorities. Non-military Englishmen wear a costume which may be rendered warmer or cooler without losing its characteristics; which indicates the form, may fit it easily, at the wearer's pleasure; leaves the limbs free, and need press injuriously nowhere. Some years ago we must have denounced the cravat, or stock, as dangerous; but the throat, with its great blood-vessels, and its importance as connecting the whole body with the brain, is now subject to so little pressure that we have only to hope that the relaxation will go on till there is none at all. Twenty years ago, people said, you might know a philanthropist in America by his turn-down collar, as an evangelical lady was supposed to be known in England by a poke-bonnet; but the turn-down collars, with a mere black ribbon or light scrap of colored silk, long ago won their way far beyond the ranks of the professional friends of mankind. Those who have the sense and courage to wear the natural "comforter," which gives warmth without pressure—the beard—improve their chances for a sound throat, a clear head, and a long life. The hat is now, apparently, the only irrational part of the Englishman's dress; and so many strange devices are upon trial as a substitute for it, that we may safely leave it to the wearers to select some head-covering which shall defend the eyes and brain, be light and easy to carry, and admit air freely.

A new danger, however, has arisen with the invention of water-proof clothing. My readers may have found themselves tortured, or have seen some friend in agony, with an unaccountable tooth-ache or face-ache, coming on at the counting-house or office, day after day, and may have traced it to wearing galoches, which people wear now as if they were meant to serve instead of shoes, whereas they are fit only for passing from place to place in wet weather. Take off the galoches or (which is nearly the same thing) the patent-leather shoes of the children in a school or a family, and you will find their stockings all damp. Keep on your water-proof cloak at a lecture, and you will find every thing you wear moist and steaming before you go out into the air again. This wear of impervious clothing, otherwise than in walking in the rain, is the cause of much ailment in these early times of the use of gutta percha. Men who wear pervious clothing at all times, except when in the rain, have really little to do in the way of dress reform.

It is much otherwise with women. Their clothing does not protect them from cold, heat, damp, or glare. Some few uncover the chest and arms under trying circumstances of heat and draught: but they are few; and they must have heard all that can be said to them in the way of warning. The great body of Englishwomen—those of the middle and lower classes—have usually some sort of covering from the throat to the hands and feet, but it is too seldom judicious in degree or quality. The modern linsey petticoats are excellent as far as they go; but it is certain that the working-women of our country are too thoroughly weaned from the woolen clothing of their ancestors. At present, too, no woman who adopts the fashion of the hoop in any form is properly guarded against the climate. Any medical man in good practice can tell of the spread of rheumatism since women ceased to wear their clothing about their limbs, and stuck it off with frames and hoops, admitting damp and draught, with as little rationality as if they tried to make an umbrella serve the purpose of a bonnet.

Then observe the head and the feet. The eyes are unsheltered from sun and wind, and the most important region of the head is exposed by the bonnets which Englishwomen are so weak as to wear in imitation of the French. Again the doctors have their painful tale to tell of neuralgic pains in the face and head, which abound beyond all prior experience, of complaints in the eyes, and all the consequences that might be anticipated from the practice of lodging the bonnet on the nape of the neck, and leaving all the fore part of the skull exposed. Why the bonnet is worn at all is the mystery. A vail, white or black, would be considered an absurdity as a substitute for the bonnet in a climate like ours; but it would be actually more serviceable than the handful of flimsy decorations now usurping the place of the useful, cheap, and pretty straw-bonnet, which suits all ages in its large variety. There are the hats, to be sure, which young ladies wear so becomingly. They are hardly simple enough in form for a permanence, but they are substantially unexceptionable for youthful wearers. Their advantages unfortunately tempt elderly ladies to put them on; but the class of mistaken wearers of hats is not a very large one, and we may let them pass. In praising the hat, however, I am thinking of the sort that has a brim. The new and brimless invention is nearly as bad as the bonnet for use, while more fantastic. A chimney-pot hat with a tall upright plume may possibly suit a volunteer rifle corps or a regiment of Amazons rehearsing for the opera, but it is not very English in taste.

The fearful spread of throat and chest diseases is ascribed, by those who should know best, mainly to the modern notion of muffling up the throat in furs and other heating substances. Before the boa came in, we heard little of any one of the tribe of throat diseases which we now meet at every turn. Some ladies carry a boa all through the summer, and many tie up their throats with a silk handkerchief whenever they go abroad, in all seasons; suffering their retribution in hoarsenesses, bronchitis, sore throat, and other ailments never endured by those who cultivate more hardy habits, and reserve such wraps for very special occasions. People who use cold water in some form of bath every day of the year, and who give their faces and throats to the bracing air, under the safeguard of vigorous personal exercise, forget what colds and coughs are.

As for the other point—the feet—it is to be feared that some are still sent to the grave by thin shoes. The danger of gutta-percha and patent-leather shoes has been referred to. The Balmoral boots of the day would be admirable but for the military heels. Those heels throw the foot into an unnatural posture, by which a great strain is produced. If my readers happen to be acquainted with a respectable chiropodist, let them inquire the recent news of bunions—that severest of small maladies. They will learn that there has been an unheard-of increase and aggravation of bunions since the high-heeled boots came in. The danger of falls is also considerable: and those who have a dread of a long tumble down the stairs had better put on their boots on the ground-floor.

If we consider the female dress of 1859 under any of the remaining conditions, what can we say of it? Does the costume, as a whole, follow the outline of the form? Does it fit accurately and easily? Is the weight made to hang from the shoulders? Are the garments of to-day convenient and agreeable in use? Is the mode modest and graceful? So far from it, that all these conditions are conspicuously violated by those who think they dress well. Here and there we may meet a sensible woman, or a girl who has no money to spend in new clothes, whose appearance is pleasing—in a straw-bonnet that covers the head, in a neat gown which hangs gracefully and easily from the natural waist, and which does not sweep up the dirt: but the spectacle is now rare; for bad taste in the higher classes spreads very rapidly downward, corrupting the morals as it goes.

The modern dress perverts the form very disagreeably. The evil still begins with the stays, in too many instances, though there is less tight-lacing than formerly. It is a pity that women do not know how little they gain by false pretenses in regard to figure and complexion. Our grandmothers would not have worn paint if they had been aware that it is useless after forty to attempt to seem younger—the texture of the skin revealing at a glance the fact which paint and dyed hair can not conceal—except perhaps in the parks or across a theatre. In the same way, the round waist produced by tight-lacing is always distinguishable in a moment from the easy oval form of the genuine small waist. Compare the two extremes, and you will see it at once. Compare the figure of the Graces of Raffaelle, or the Venus de Medici, with the smallest and most praised waist in a factory, and observe the difference. Before the glass, the owner of the latter sees the smallness in front, and fancies it beautiful; but it is disgusting to others. It is as stiff as the stem of a tree, and spoils the form and movement more than the armor of ancient knights ever did; and we know what is going on within. The ribs are pressed out of their places, down upon the soft organs within, or overlapping one another: the heart is compressed, so that the circulation is irregular: the stomach and liver are compressed, so that they can not act properly: and then parts which can not be squeezed are thrust out of their places, and grave ailments are the consequence. At the very best, the complexion loses more than the figure can be supposed to gain. It is painful to see what is endured by some young women in shops and factories, as elsewhere. They can not stoop for two minutes over their work without gasping and being blue, or red, or white in the face. They can not go up stairs without stopping to take breath every few steps. Their arms are half-numb, and their hands red or chilblained; and they must walk as if they were all of a piece, without the benefit and grace of joints in the spine and limbs. A lady had the curiosity to feel what made a girl whom she knew so like a wooden figure, and found a complete palisade extending round the body. On her remonstrating, the girl pleaded that she had "only six-and-twenty whalebones!"

Any visitor of a range of factories will be sure to find that girls are dropping in fainting-fits, here and there, however pure the air and proper the temperature; and here and there may be seen a vexed and disgusted proprietor, seeking the warehouse-woman, or some matron, to whom he gives a pair of large scissors, with directions to cut open the stays of some silly woman who had fainted. Occasional inquests afford a direct warning of the fatal effects which may follow the practice of tight-lacing; but slow and painful disease is much more common; and the register exhibits, not the stays, but the malady created by the stays as the cause of death. That such cases are common, any physician who practices among the working classes will testify.

Do the petticoats of our time serve as any thing but a mask to the human form—a perversion of human proportions? A woman on a sofa looks like a child popping up from a haycock. A girl in the dance looks like the Dutch tumbler that was a favorite toy in my infancy. The fit is so the reverse of accurate as to be like a silly hoax—a masquerade without wit: while, at the same time, it is not an easy fit. The prodigious weight of the modern petticoat, and the difficulty of getting it all into the waistband, creates a necessity for compressing and loading the waist in a way most injurious to health. Under a rational method of dress the waist should suffer neither weight nor pressure—nothing more than the girdle which brings the garment into form and folds. As to the convenience of the hooped skirts, only ask the women themselves, who are always in danger from fire, or wind, or water, or carriage-wheels, or rails, or pails, or nails, or, in short, every thing they encounter. Ask the husbands, fathers, or brothers, and hear how they like being cut with the steel frame when they enter a gate with a lady, or being driven into a corner of the pew at church, or to the outside of the coach, for want of room. As for the children—how many have been swept off pathways, or foot-bridges, or steamboat decks by the pitiless crinoline, or hoops of some unconscious walking balloon! More children have been killed, however, by the extension of the absurd petticoat fashion to them. For many months past it has been a rare thing to see a child under the tunic age duly clothed. The petticoats are merely for show; and the actual clothing, from the waist downward, is nothing more than thin cotton drawers and socks, leaving a bare space between. For older boys there is a great improvement in dress—the tunic and loose trowsers being preferable in every way to the stiff mannish tailed coat and tight trowsers of half a century ago. But the younger children are at present scarcely clothed at all below the arms; and the blue legs of childhood are a painful sight, whether in a beggar boy or a citizen's son. Even in such a climate as Sierra Leone there is something forlorn in thinking of the lady's maid in a great house wearing (and possessing) nothing more in the way of clothing than a muslin gown and a blue bead-necklace (on an ebony throat, of course); but in winters like ours to see children's legs covered with nothing better than thin cotton (thin, because the ornamentation is the vanity), is in fact reading the sentence of death of many victims. Let it be remembered, too, that the neuralgic, rheumatic, and heart diseases thus brought on are of a hereditary character. The wearer of crinoline and invisible bonnets, in incurring such diseases herself, renders her future children liable to them; and the children now bitten by the wintry winds, if they live to be parents, may see their offspring suffer from the ignorance and vanity of their own mothers. It is universally observed that certain diseases are becoming more common every year—neuralgia and heart disease, as well as the throat ailments of which we hear so much. It would be a great benefit if we could learn how much of the form and the increase of maladies is ascribable to our modes of dress.

What is to be done? Will any thing ever be done? or is feminine willfulness and slavishness to fashion to kill off hundreds and thousands of the race, as at present? There are whole societies in America who do not see the necessity for such mischief, and who hope to put an end to it—in their own country at least. The Dress-Reform Association of the United States was instituted some years since by women who refused the inconvenience of Paris fashions in American homesteads: and they have been aided, not only by physicians, but by other men, on the ground of the right of women to wear what suits their occupations and their taste, without molestation. The dress which was long ago agreed upon, after careful consideration—the so-called Bloomer costume (not as we see it in caricature, but in its near resemblance to the most rational English fashion of recent times)—is extensively worn, not only in rural districts but in many towns. It seems to fulfill the various conditions of rational, modest, and graceful dress better than any other as yet devised for temperate climates; and if so, it will spread, in spite of all opposition.

What opposition it met with here is not forgotten, at home or abroad, and never will be forgotten. Some of our highest philosophers and best-bred gentlemen were more indignant and ashamed than perhaps any body else. They said that we constantly saw Englishmen angry and scornful because of the indignities cast by Mussulman bigotry on the dress of Europeans in Damascus and Jerusalem; but here were Englishmen doing the same thing, without equal excuse, when Englishwomen proposed to adapt their dress to their health, convenience, and notions of grace. The aggressors triumphed. They induced outcast women to adopt the dress, and stamped it with disrepute before it had a chance of a trial. It was an unmanly act; and if those who were concerned in it have since suffered from extravagance of wife and daughters, or from sickness and death in their households which might have been averted by a sensible method of clothing old and young, they have had their retribution. Some of our newspapers are rebuking others for meddling with the women's choice of fashions—quoting the rebuke sustained by the old *Spectator* on account of that line of criticism: but it is an affair which concerns both sexes and all ages. What hinders a simple obedience to common sense in the matter? It is only for the women of those classes who really have business in life to refuse to encumber themselves with tight, or heavy, or long, or unserviceable dress, and to adhere to any mode which suits them; and then, whatever the idle and fanciful may choose to do, the useless mortality will be mainly stopped, and the general health prevented from sinking lower. It may be confidently avowed that in this way only can women win back some of the respect which they have forfeited by the culpable absurdity of their dress within the last few seasons. From the duchess to the maid-servant, the slaves of French taste have lost position; and it will require a permanent establishment of some leading points of the sense and morality of dress to restore their full dignity to the matronage and maidenhood of England.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FOOTSTEPS DIE OUT FOREVER.

ALONG the Paris streets the dead-carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine. All the devouring and insatiate Monsters imagined since imagination could record itself are fused in the one realization, Guillotine. And yet there is not in France, with its rich variety of soil and climate, a blade, a leaf, a root, a sprig, a peppercorn, which will grow to maturity under conditions more certain than those that have produced this horror. Crush humanity out of shape once more, under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms. Sow the same seed of rapacious license and oppression ever again, and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind.

Six tumbrils roll along the streets. Change these back again to what they were, thou powerful enchanter, Time, and they shall be seen to be the carriages of absolute monarchs, the equipages of feudal nobles, the toilets of flaring Jezebels, the churches that are not my father's house but dens of thieves, the huts of millions of starving peasants! No; the great magician who majestically works out the appointed order of the Creator never reverses his transformations. "If thou be changed into this shape by the will of God," say the seers to the enchanted, in the wise Arabian stories, "then remain so! But if thou wear this form through mere passing conjuration, then resume thy former aspect!" Changeless and hopeless, the tumbrils roll along.

As the sombre wheels of the six carts go round they seem to plow up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the plows go steadily onward. So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle that in many windows there are no people, and in some the occupations of the hands is not so much as suspended, while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrils. Here and there the inmate has visitors to see the sight; then he points his finger, with something of the complacency of a curator or authorized exponent, to this cart and to this, and seems to tell who sat here yesterday, and who there the day before.

Of the riders in the tumbrils some observe these things, and all things on their last roadside, with an impassive stare; others, with a lingering interest in the ways of life and men. Some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; again there are some so heedful of their looks that they cast upon the multitude such glances as they have seen in theatres and in pictures. Several close their eyes and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror that he sings and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals, by look or gesture, to the pity of the people.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them, and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for it is always followed by a press of people toward the third cart. The horsemen abreast of that cart frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart and holds his hand. He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl. Here and there in the long street of St. Honoré cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only to a quiet smile as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He can not easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming-up of the tumbrils, stands the Spy and prison-sheep. He looks into the first of them: not there. He looks into the second: not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" when his face clears as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evrémonde?" says a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

The man cries "Down, Evrémonde! To the Guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evrémonde!"

"Hush, hush!" the Spy entreats him, timidly.

"And why not, citizen?"

"He is going to pay the forfeit; it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But the man continuing to exclaim, "Down, Evrémonde!" the face of Evrémonde is for a moment turned toward him. Evrémonde then sees the Spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow plowed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that now crumble in and close behind the last plow as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs stands The Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

"Thérèse!" she cries, in her shrill tones. "Who has seen her? Thérèse Defarge!"

"She never missed before," says a knitting woman of the sisterhood.

"No; nor will she miss now," cries The Vengeance, petulantly. "Thérèse!"

"Louder," the woman recommends.

Ay! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear thee. Louder yet, Vengeance, with a little oath or so added, and yet it will hardly bring her. Send other women up and down to seek her, lingering somewhere; and yet, although the messengers have done dread deeds, it is questionable whether of their own wills they will go far enough to find her!

"Bad Fortune!" cries The Vengeance, stamping her foot in the chair; "and here are the tumbrils! And Evrémonde will be dispatched in a wink, and she not here! See her knitting in my hand, and her empty chair ready for her. I cry with vexation and disappointment!"

As The Vengeance descends from her elevation to do it the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—A head is held up, and the knitting women, who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

"THE TWO STAND IN THE FAST-THINNING THRONG OF VICTIMS," ETC.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine, that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative, and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate—for I can not write—and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is."

"Yes, yes: better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face, which gives me so much support, is this: If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time; she may even live to be old."

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think"—the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble—"that it will seem long to me while I wait for her in the better land, where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

"It can not be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant! Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting women count Twenty-Two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefulest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

"I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long long years to come, I see the evil of this time, and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous, and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honored and held sacred in the other's soul than I was in the souls of both.

"I see that child who lay upon her bosom and bore my name, a man, winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honored men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place—then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement—and I hear him tell the child my story with a tender and a faltering voice.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

THE END.

CHARLIE'S WOOING.

"CŒLIA, darling! Cœlia, prude!
For a twelvemonth have I wooed
Half your love on me to shower
Only through one fleeting hour.
Once, near wrecked my heart's Armada
(Freighted with such wealth of ardor)
On the quicksands of your pique"
(Now a blush suffused her cheek)—
"Cœlia, prude, I pray you, speak!"

"Charlie modest! Charlie saucy!
Even granite may be mossy
With a verdure not its own.
I vow you think my heart is stone!
Love you through the hour you've sued?
Would a lifetime sound too rude?"
(Now a kiss for interlude)—
"*Let my lifetime thank you, prude!*"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Affections of the Throat.

From the Rev. S. J. P. Anderson, Pastor of the Central Church, St. Louis. "I have been in the habit of using 'Brown's Bronchial Troches,' or Lozenges, when compelled to speak through suffering from cold. They are very beneficial in clearing the throat, having no injurious tendencies of any kind. I can confidently recommend them to public speakers generally."

"I heartily unite in the above commendation."—*Rev. M. Schuyler, Rector of Christ Church, St. Louis.*

JONAS WHITCOMB'S
REMEDY FOR
ASTHMA

Is worthy the attention of all who suffer from this distressing complaint. The late JONAS WHITCOMB, of Boston, visited Europe a few years since for the benefit of his health, which was much impaired by frequent attacks of

Spasmodic Asthma.

While in Germany, an eminent physician became interested in his case, and promised him relief. He followed the treatment ordered, and, to his surprise and joy, his asthma almost entirely disappeared. He procured the recipe which had accomplished so much for him, brought it with him to this country, and it became the property of the present proprietors. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever; and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

[Letter from a distinguished lawyer in Newburyport, Mass.]

Asthma.
Asthma.

NEWBURYPORT, Feb. 25, 1856.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.:—It is now nearly twelve months since I received the first bottle of your valuable medicine for the cure of the ASTHMA.

I am now satisfied that my relief from one of the most aggravating, most distressing, and most unrelenting disorders that ever afflicted a human being, is to be attributed wholly to this Remedy. For thirteen years I suffered with the Asthma, and it grew upon me in severity, until, in 1853 and 1854, I was obliged, for months together, to sleep in my chair; and the least active exercise would bring on a paroxysm, oftentimes so severe that I could not move an inch for hours.

From the time I took the first dose of your "Remedy," to the present hour, I have not had a bad attack, and now my system is so free from it that the most active exercise and exposure seldom has any other effect than to slightly restrict the lungs. Your medicine soon dispels that sensation, and I can safely claim a general release from the tormentor.

With great respect, your obedient servant,
J. H. BRAGDON.

[Extract from a letter written by a distinguished Lawyer in Maine.]

Asthma.
Asthma.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.:—Gentlemen—I tried more than thirty different species for the Asthma, until I had become worn down by disease, and almost discouraged. When I commenced taking your medicine I had been afflicted with the disease about twenty years. It is of the spasmodic kind; and in a bad attack I have frequently sat up sixteen nights in succession. Soon after taking your medicine I found an unaccustomed relief. My health and strength began to improve. I have gained about twenty pounds in weight, and have, comparatively, no Asthma. When I feel the symptoms returning, a few teaspoonfuls of the medicine is sufficient to remove it.

It seems to me that the very foundation of my disease has been broken up, and that it will soon entirely leave me. At any rate, no one that has suffered what I have heretofore, and enjoyed the health that I have enjoyed since last fall, can hesitate to believe that there is a wonderful power in Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for the Asthma.

Respectfully yours, H. R. VOSE.

[Letter from a Clergyman.]

Asthma.
Asthma.

WARDSBORO', VT., May 12, 1857.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.:—I take pleasure in stating the wonderful effects of "WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR THE ASTHMA" on my wife. As often as ten or twelve times in a year she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers, sometimes for several days and nights in succession. At one time she was so far gone that her physician could not count her pulse. I consulted numerous physicians of the highest celebrity, to little or no purpose. At length I heard of "Whitcomb's Remedy," it acted like a charm; it enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I am a Methodist Clergyman, stationed here. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries respecting her case.

Yours truly, KIMBALL HADLEY.

Asthma.
Asthma.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., Jan. 28, 1859.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.:—I saw your notice of Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy in the Boston Pilot, and I wish to tell you of its effect upon me. I have been troubled very much for about five years, many nights losing my sleep. Sometimes I could not move, and had to sit in one position for hours.

I began taking your medicine last September. I have not had a bad attack—have not lost an hour's sleep, nor an hour's work, since. I am a shoemaker by trade, and live in South Weymouth.

Your obedient servant, MICHAEL KEARNAY.

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FOR 1860.

VOLUMES XV. AND XVI.

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Engraved expressly for this work, from carefully selected subjects,

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The indignant gentleman replied.
"'Twas dead before, but *now* it's alive,
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NOVEMBER.

The winds are cold—the skies are drear;
A shriller blast each night we hear,
A colder rain-storm bringing;
On summer's bier strew withered flowers,
While robins in their leafless bowers
Her requiem are singing!

Gone all the glowing birds of June;
July's bright blossom's vanished soon,
And August's perfumed meadows;
September and October brought
The Indian-summer, pleasure fraught,
And all have fled like shadows.

So time wings on! each month and year
Beaming less music to the ear,
And to the eye less pleasure;
Soon perish all our hopes and flowers,
While sadly under leafless bowers
Our bygone bliss we measure.

But of the calm, substantial joys
Which neither time nor care destroys,
A few, thank Heaven, are left us.
Neither the months, which now are dead,
Nor all the years that yet have fled,
Of SMITH BROTHERS have bereft us!

And still, in FULTON STREET, their stores
Fling open wide their crystal doors,
Inviting all to enter;
And still the SMITHS, with flag unfurled,
Challenge ALL RIVALS IN THE WORLD,
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